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THE
BRICK CHURCH
HYMNS,

DESIGNED FOR THE USE OF SOCIAL
PRAYER MEETINGS
AND
FAMILIES,

SELECTED
FROM THE MOST APPROVED AUTHORS

AND RECOMMENDED
BY GARDINER SPRING, D. D.
Pastor of said Church.

NEW-YORK:
PUBLISHED BY REQUEST OF THE MEMBERS.
1823.
H. C. Sleight, Printer, Jamaica, L. I.

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"The Brick Church Hymns, designed for the use of social prayer meetings and families, selected from the most approved authors, and recommended by Gardiner Spring, D. D. Pastor of said Church."

In conformity to the act of Congress of the United States, entitled, "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned;" and also, to an act entitled, "An act supplementary to an act, entitled, an act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned, and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

JAMES DILL,

(Clerk of the Southern District of New-York)

June 11, 1893
June 14, 1922
SELECTION

OF

HYMNS.

HYMN 1. C. M.

- 1 COME, holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise,
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
- 3 Dear Lord ! and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate,
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great ?
- 4 Come, holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers,
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

HYMN 2. C. M.

- 1 WHY does your face, ye humble souls,
Those mournful colours wear ?
What doubts are these that waste your faith
And nourish your despair ?
- 2 What though your num'rous sins exceed
The stars that fill the skies,
And, aiming at the eternal throne,
Like pointed mountains rise ?
- 3 What though your mighty guilt beyond
The wide creation swell,
And hath its curs'd foundations laid
Low as the deeps of hell ?
- 4 See here an endless ocean flows
Of never failing grace !
Behold a dying Saviour's veins
The sacred flood increase !
- 5 It rises high, and drowns the hills,
Has neither shore nor bound :
Now, if we search to find our sins,
Our sins can ne'er be found.
- 6 Awake, our hearts, adore the grace
That buries all our faults,
And pard'ning blood, that swells above
Our follies and our thoughts.

HYMN 3. L. M.

- 1 'Tis finish'd, so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bow'd his head and died.
'Tis finish'd—yes the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.

- 2 'Tis finish'd—all that heaven decreed,
And all the ancient prophets said
Is now fulfill'd as was design'd,
In me the Saviour of mankind.
- 3 'Tis finish'd—Heaven is reconcil'd,
And all the powers of darkness spoil'd :
Peace, love, and happiness again
Return and dwell with sinful men.
- 4 'Tis finish'd—let the joyful sound
Be heard thro' all the nations round :
'Tis finish'd—let the echo fly
Thro' heaven and hell, thro' earth and sky.

HYMN 4. P. M.

- 1 YES, the Redeemer rose ;
The Saviour left the dead ;
And o'er our hellish foes
High rais'd his conquering head :
In wild dismay
The guards around
Fall to the ground,
And sink away.
- 2 Lo ! the angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait his high commands,
And worship at his feet :
Joyful they come,
And wing their way
From realms of day
To JESUS' tomb.
- 3 Then back to Heaven they fly,
The joyful news to bear :

Hark! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air!

Their anthems say,
"Jesus who bled
Hath left the dead ;
He rose to-day."

- 4 Ye mortals, catch the sound,
Redeem'd by him from hell ;
And send the echo round
The globe on which you dwell ;
Transported cry,
" Jesus who bled
Hath left the dead
No more to die."

- 5 All hail triumphant Lord,
Who sav'st us with thy blood !
Wide be thy name ador'd,
Thou rising, reigning God !
With thee we rise,
With thee we reign,
And empires gain
Beyond the skies.

HYMN 5. C. M.

- 1 ALAS ! and did my Saviour bleed !
And did my Sovereign die ?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I ?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groan'd upon the tree ?
Amazing pity ! grace unknown !
And love beyond degree !

- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes in tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe :
Here, Lord, I give myself away :
'Tis all that I can do.

HYMN 6. C. M.

- 1 WHILST thee I seek, protecting Power !
Be my vain wishes still'd ;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be fill'd.
- 2 Thy love the power of tho't bestow'd,
To thee my thoughts would soar :
Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd ;
That mercy I adore.
- 3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see,
Each blessing to my soul most dear,
Because conferr'd by thee.
- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

- 5 When gladness wings my favour'd hour,
 Thy love my thoughts shall fill ;
 Resign'd, when storms of sorrow low'r,
 My soul shall meet thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
 The gathering storm shall see,
 My steadfast heart shall know no fear ;
 That heart will rest on thee.

HYMN 7. L. M.

- 1 RETURN, O wanderer, return,
 And seek an injur'd Father's face ;
 Those warm desires that in thee burn,
 Were kindled by reclaiming grace.
- 2 Return, O wanderer, return,
 And seek a Father's melting heart ;
 His pitying eyes thy grief discern,
 His hand shall heal thine inward smart:
- 3 Return, O wanderer, return,
 Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live ;
 Go to his bleeding feet, and learn
 How freely Jesus can forgive.
- 4 Return, O wanderer, return,
 And cast away thy slavish fear :
 'Tis God who says, " no longer mourn,"
 'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

HYMN 8. P. M.

- 1 COME thou fount of every blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace !
 Streams of mercy never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise :

Teach me some melodious sonnet,
 Sung by flaming tongues above :
 Praise the mount—I'm fix'd upon it,
 Mount of thy redeeming love.

- 2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
 Hither by thy help I've come ;
 And I hope by thy good pleasure
 Safely to arrive at home.
 Jesus sought me when a stranger
 Wand'ring from the fold of God ;
 He, to save my soul from danger,
 Interpos'd his precious blood.
- 3 O ! to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrain'd to be !
 Let thy grace, Lord, like a fetter,
 Bind my wand'ring heart to thee !
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it ;
 Prone to leave the God I love.
 Here's my heart, O take and seal it,
 Seal it for thy courts above.

HYMN 9. L. M.

- 1 JESUS ! and shall it ever be,
 A mortal man asham'd of thee !
 Asham'd of thee whom angels praise,
 Whose glories shine through endless days ?
- 2 Asham'd of *Jesus* ! sooner far
 Let evening blush to own a star ;
 He sheds the beams of light divine,
 O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Asham'd of *Jesus* ! just as soon
 Let midnight be asham'd of noon ;

'Tis midnight with my soul 'till he,
Bright morning star, bids darkness flee.

4 Asham'd of *Jesus!* that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No ; when I blush—be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

5 Asham'd of *Jesus!* yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fear to quell, no soul to save.

6 'Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
'Till then, I'll boast a Saviour slain!
And, O may this my glory be,
'That *Christ* is not asham'd of me!

HYMN 10. C. M.

1 COME humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve ;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppress,
And make this last resolve.

2 “ I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose ;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 “ Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess ;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone
Without his sov'reign grace.

4 “ I'll to the gracious king approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives,

Perhaps he may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.

- 5 “ Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my pray’r ;
But if I perish I will pray,
And perish only there.

- 6 “ I can but perish if I go—
I am resolv’d to try ;
For if I stay away, I know
I must for ever die.”

HYMN 11. L. M.

- 1 O THOU, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition’s humble cry ;
Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow’s weeping eye :
2 See, low before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wand’rer mourn !
Thyself hast bid me seek thy face ;
Thyself hast said, return.
3 O shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine ;
And let thy Spirit’s voice impart !
A taste of joy divine !

HYMN 12. L. M.

- 1 HE dies ! the Friend of sinners dies !
Lo ! Salem’s daughters weep around !
A solemn darkness veils the skies !
A sudden trembling shakes the ground !
2 Come saints, and drop a tear or two
For him who groan’d beneath your load ;

He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood !

- 3 Here's love and grief beyond degree ;
The Lord of Glory dies for men !
But lo ! what sudden joys we see !
Jesus the dead revives again !
- 4 The rising God forsakes the tomb !
Up to his Father's court he flies ;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies !
- 5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns ;
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the tyrant death in chains !
- 6 Say, " Live for ever, glorious King,
" Born to redeem, instruct, and save !"
Then ask—" O death, where is thy sting ?
" And where thy victory, O grave ?"

HYMN 13. C. M.

- 1 How oft, alas ! this wretched heart
Has wander'd from the Lord !
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word !
- 2 Yet sovereign mercy calls, " Return ;"
Dear Lord, and may I come ?
My vile ingratitude I mourn ;
O take the wanderer home !
- 3 And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove ?

And shall a pardon'd rebel live
To speak thy wond'rous love ?

- 4 Almighty grace, thy healing pow'r,
How glorious, how divine !
That can to life and bliss restore
So vile a heart as mine.
- 5 Thy pard'ning love, so free, so sweet,
Dear Saviour, I adore ;
O keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

HYMN 14. L. M.

- 1 ETERNITY ! the dread abode
And habitation of our God ;
His glory fills the vast expanse,
Beyond the reach of mortal sense.
- 2 But an eternity there is
Of dreadful wo; or joyful bliss :
And swift as time fulfils its round,
We to eternity are bound.
- 3 Sinner ! can'st thou for ever dwell
In all the fi'ry deeps of hell ;
And is death nothing, then, to thee ;
Death, and a dread eternity ?
- 4 Ye gracious souls with joy look up ;
In Christ rejoice, your glorious hope,
This everlasting bliss secures ;
God and eternity are yours.

HYMN 15. L. M.

- 1 Now to the Lord a noble song!
Awake, my soul ; awake, my tongue

- Hosanna to th' Eternal name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.
- 2 See, where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of his grace ;
God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.
- 3 The spacious earth and spreading flood
Proclaim the wise and powerful God ;
And thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in every rolling star.
- 4 But in his looks a glory stands,
The noblest labour of thine hands :
The pleasing lustre of his eyes
Outshines the wonders of the skies.
- 5 Grace ! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme ;
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name ;
Ye angels dwell upon the sound ;
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground.
- 6 Oh, may I live to reach the place
Where he unveils his lovely face—
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold !

HYMN 16. L. M.

- 1 O THAT my load of sin were gone !
O that I could at last submit,
At Jesus' feet to lay me down !
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet.
- 2 Rest for my soul I long to find :
Saviour of all if mine thou art,

Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thy image on my heart.

- 3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free ;
I cannot rest, till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

· HYMN 17. S. M.

- 1 Now is the accepted time,
Now is the day of grace ;
Now, sinners, come without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.
- 2 Now is the accepted time,
The Saviour calls to-day ;
To-morrow it may be too late,
Then why should you delay ?
- 3 Now is the accepted time,
The gospel bids you come ;
And every promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.

HYMN 18. L. M.

- 1 COME, weary souls, with sins distrest,
Come and accept the promis'd rest ;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.
- 2 Oppress'd with guilt, a painful load ;
O come, and spread your woes abroad ;
Divine compassion, mighty love
Will all the painful load remove.

- 3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
 To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes ;
 Pardon, and life, and endless peace ;
 How rich the gift ! how free the grace !
- 4 Lord, we accept with thankful heart,
 The hope thy gracious words impart ;
 We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
 And bless the kind inviting voice.
- 5 Dear Saviour ! let thy powerful love
 Confirm our faith, our fears remove :
 And sweetly influence every breast,
 And guide us to eternal rest.

HYMN 19. C. M.

- 1 THE Saviour calls—let every ear
 Attend the heavenly sound ;
 Ye doubting souls dismiss your fear,
 Hope smiles reviving round.
- 2 For every thirsty longing heart,
 Here streams of bounty flow ;
 And life, and health, and bliss impart
 To banish mortal wo.
- 3 Here springs of sacred pleasure rise,
 To ease your every pain ;
 (Immortal fountain ! full supplies !)
 Nor shall you thirst in vain.
- 4 Ye sinners, come, 'tis mercy's voice,
 The gracious call obey ;
 Mercy invites to heavenly joys—
 And can you yet delay ?

- 5 Dear Saviour draw reluctant hearts,
 To thee let sinners fly,
 And take the bliss thy love imparts
 And drink, and never die.

HYMN 20. C. M.

- 1 WITHOUT thy grace, I sink opprest
 Down to the gates of hell ;
 O give my troubled spirit rest,
 And all my fears dispel.
- 2 'Tis mercy, mercy, I implore,
 O may thy bowels move :
 Thy grace is an exhaustless store,
 And thou thyself art love.
- 3 Should I at last in heaven appear,
 To join thy saints above ;
 I'll shout that mercy brought me there,
 And sing thy bleeding love.

HYMN 21. C. M.

- 1 JESUS! in thy transporting name,
 What blissful glories rise!
 Jesus! the angel's sweetest theme—
 The wonder of the skies.
- 2 What glad return can I impart
 For favours so divine ?
 O take my heart—this worthless heart,
 And make it only thine.

HYMN 22. L. M.

- 1 LORD, at thy feet, I prostrate fall,
 Opprest with fears to thee I call :

Reveal thy pard'ning love to me,
And set my captive spirit free.

- 2 I'll seek his face with cries and tears,
With secret sighs and fervent pray'rs ;
And if not heard, I'll waiting sit,
And perish at my Saviour's feet.

HYMN 23. L. M.

- 1 LORD, in thy presence we appear,
And bow before thy throne :
Before our lips begin to move,
Our wants to thee are known.
- 2 Thou know'st the language of the heart,
The meaning of a sigh :
Dear Father, hear our humble pray'r,
And bring thy blessings nigh.

HYMN 24. C. M.

- 1 O THOU from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to thee ;
In all my trials, conflicts, woes,
Dear Lord, remember me.
- 2 When groaning on my burden'd heart,
My sins lie heavily,
My pardon speak, new peace impart,
In love remember me.
- 3 The hour is near, consign'd to death,
I own the just decree ;
Saviour, with my last parting breath.
I'll cry, "remember me."

HYMN 25. L. M.

- 1 THOU who for sinners once was slain,
Once dead, but now alive again ;
Give me to know, to taste, and prove
The pow'r and sweetness of thy love.
- 2 Give me to feel my sins forgiven,
And know myself an heir of heav'n ;
My conscience sprinkle with thy blood,
And fill me with the love of God.

HYMN 26. C. M.

- 1 APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat
Where Jesus answers pray'r ;
There humbly fall before his feet.
For none can perish there.
- 2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh ;
Thou callest burden'd souls to thee.
And such, O Lord, am I.
- 3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
By satan sorely prest ;
By wars without, and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.

HYMN 27. L. M.

- 1 WHERE two or three, with sweet accord,
Obedient to their sovereign Lord,
Meet to recount his acts of grace,
And offer solemn prayer and praise ;
- 2 " There," says the Saviour, " will I be,
" Amid this little company ;

To them unveil my smiling face,
And shed my glories round the place."

- 3 We meet at thy command, dear Lord,
Relying on thy faithful word :
O send thy Spirit from above,
And fill our hearts with heavenly love.

HYMN 28. L. M.

- 1 WITH all my pow'rs of heart and tongue,
I'll praise my Maker in my song ;
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song and join the praise.
- 2 To God I cry'd, when troubles rose ;
He heard me, and subdu'd my foes :
My rising fears he did control,
And strength diffus'd through all my soul
- 3 Amidst a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by his hand ;
His words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.
- 4 Grace will complete what grace begins,
To save from sorrow and from sins ;
The work that mercy undertakes,
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

HYMN 29. L. M.

- 1 SINNER, O why so thoughtless grown !
Why in such dreadful haste to die ;
Daring to leap to worlds unknown,
Heedless against thy God to fly ?
- 2 Wilt thou despise eternal fate,
Urg'd on by sin's fantastic dreams,

Madly attempt th' infernal gate,
And force thy passage to the flames ?

- 3 Stay, sinner, on the gospel plains,
Behold the God of love unfold
The glories of his dying pains,
For ever telling, yet untold.

HYMN 30. L. M.

- 1 Thus far the Lord has led me on,
Thus far his power prolongs my days,
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.
- 2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And, I perhaps, am near my home ;
But he forgives my follies past,
He gives me strength for days to come.
- 3 I lay my body down to sleep ;
Peace is the pillow for my head ;
While well appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.
- 4 Thus when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

HYMN 31. L. M.

- 1 My God, how endless is thy love !
Thy gifts are every evening new ;
And morning mercies, from above,
Gently distil like early dew.
- 2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours :

Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

- 3 I yield my powers to thy command :
To thee I consecrate my days :
Perpetual blessings from thine hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

HYMN 32. L. M.

- 1 Now in the heat of youthful blood,
Remember your Creator God :
Behold the months come hast'ning on
When you shall say, " My joys are gone."
- 2 Behold the aged sinner goes,
Laden with guilt and heavy woes,
Down to the regions of the dead,
With endless curses on his head !
- 3 Eternal King ! I fear thy name ;
Teach me to know how frail I am ;
And when my soul must hence remove
Give me a mansion in thy love.

HYMN 33. L. M.

- 1 No more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done ;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of thy Son.
- 2 Now, for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain, I count my loss ;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross.
- 3 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne ;

But faith can answer thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

HYMN 34. L. M.

- 1 COME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell
By faith and love in every breast ;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
The joys that cannot be express'd.
- 2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the heighth, and breadth and
Of thine unmeasurable grace. [length
- 3 Now to the God, whose power can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honours done,
By all the church, through Christ his Son.

HYMN 35. L. M.

- 1 How oft have sin and Satan strove
To rend my soul from thee my God !
But everlasting is thy love,
And Jesus seals it with his blood.
- 2 The oath and promise of the Lord
Join to confirm the wond'rous grace ;
Eternal power performs the word,
And fills all heaven with endless praise.
- 3 Amidst temptations sharp and long,
My soul to this dear refuge flies ;
Hope is my anchor, firm and strong,
Whilst tempests blow, and billows rise,
- 4 The gospel bears my spirit up ;
A faithful and unchanging God

Lays the foundation for my hope,
In oaths, and promises, and blood.

HYMN 36. C. M.

- 1 DREAD Sovereign, let my ev'ning song
Like holy incense rise :
Assist the off'rings of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies.
- 2 Through all the dangers of the day
Thy hand was still my guard :
And still to drive my wants away,
Thy mercy stood prepar'd.
- 3 Perpetual blessings from above
Encompass me around,
But O how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found !
- 4 What have I done for him who died
To save my wretched soul ?
How are my follies multiply'd,
Fast as my minutes roll !
- 5 Lord, with this guilty of heart of mine,
To thy dear cross I flee,
And to thy grace my soul resign,
To be renew'd by thee.
- 6 Sprinkled afresh with pard'ning blood,
I lay me down to rest,
As in th' embraces of my God,
Or on my Saviour's breast.

HYMN 37. C. M.

- 1 WHEN languor and disease invade,
This trembling house of clay,

- 'Tis sweet to look beyond my pains,
And long to fly away.
- 2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of his love ;
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where Jesus pleads above.
- 3 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end ;
Sweet on his covenant of grace
For all things to depend.
- 4 Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
To trust his firm decrees ;
Sweet to lie passive in his hand,
And know no will but his.
- 5 If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from thee !

HYMN 38. S. M.

- 1 GRACE ! 'tis a charming sound !
Harmonious to the ear ;
Heav'n with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contriv'd a way,
To save rebellious man ;
And all the steps his grace display,
Who drew the wond'rous plan.
- 3 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heav'nly road ;

And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

- 4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Thro' everlasting days ;
It lays in heav'n the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

HYMN 39. L. M.

- 1 I THIRST, but not as once I did,
The vain delights of earth to share ;
Thy words, Immanuel, all forbid
That I should seek my pleasure there.
- 2 It was the sight of thy dear cross
First wean'd my soul from earthly things,
And taught me to esteem as dross
The mirth of fools and pomp of kings.
- 3 I want that grace that springs from thee,
That quickens all things where it flows ;
And makes a wretched thorn like me,
Bloom as the myrtle or the rose.
- 4 Dear fountain of delight unknown,
No longer sink below the brim ;
But overflow and pour me down
A living and life-giving stream.
- 5 For sure, of all the plants that share
The notice of thy Father's eye,
None proves less grateful to his care,
Or yields him meaner fruit than I.

HYMN 40. 8, 8, 6.

- 1 AWAK'D by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in guilt and thrall I found,

Expos'd to endless wo ;
 Eternal truth did loud proclaim
 The sinner must be born again.
 Or else to ruin go.

2 Amaz'd I stood, but could not tell,
 Which way to shun the gates of hell,
 For death and hell drew near ;
 I strove indeed, but strove in vain,
 The sinner must be born again,
 Still sounded in mine ear.

3 When to the law I trembling fled,
 It pour'd its curses on my head,
 I no relief could find ;
 This fearful truth renew'd my pain,
 The sinner must be born again,
 And whelm'd my tortur'd mind.

4 Again did Sinai's thunders roll,
 And guilt lay heavy on my soul,
 A vast oppressive load :
 Alas ! I read, and saw it plain,
 The sinner must be born again,
 Or feel the wrath of God.

5 But while I thus in anguish lay,
 Jesus of Naz'reth pass'd this way,
 And felt his pity move :
 The sinner by his justice slain,
 Now by his grace is born again,
 And sings redeeming love.

6 To heaven the joyful tidings flew,
 The angels tun'd their harps anew,
 And loftier notes did raise ;

All hail the lamb who once was slain ;
 Unnumber'd millions born again
 Will shout thine endless praise.

HYMN 41. L. M.

- 1 As when a weary trav'ler gains
 The height of some o'erlooking hill,
 His heart revives, if, cross the plains,
 He eyes his home, tho' distant still.
- 2 Thus, when the christian pilgrim views,
 By faith his mansion in the skies ;
 'The sight his fainting strength renews,
 And wings his speed to reach the prize.
- 3 'Tis there with Jesus he's to dwell,
 To spend an everlasting day ;
 There shall he bid his cares farewell.
 For he shall wipe his tears away.

HYMN 42. C. M.

- † AM I a soldier of the cross,
 A follower of the Lamb ?
 And shall I fear to own his cause,
 Or blush to speak his name ?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies,
 On flowery beds of ease ;
 Though others fought to win the prize,
 And sail'd through bloody seas ?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face ?
 Must I not stem the flood ?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace,
 To help me on to God ?

- 4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign—
 Increase my courage, Lord !
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
 Supported by thy word.
- 5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
 Shall conquer though they die ;
 They see the triumph from afar,
 And seize it with their eye.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
 And all thy armies shine
 In robes of victory through the skies,
 The glory shall be thine.

HYMN 43. L. M.

- 1 O LORD, my God, in mercy turn,
 In mercy hear a sinner mourn !
 To thee I call, to thee I cry,
 O leave me, leave me not to die !
- 2 I strove against thee, Lord, I know,
 I spurn'd thy grace, I mock'd thy *law* ;
 The hour is past—the day's gone by,
 And I am left alone to die !
- 3 O pleasures past, what are ye now
 But thorns about my bleeding brow ?
 Spectres that hover round my brain,
 And aggravate and mock my pain.
- 4 For pleasure I have given my soul,
 Now justice, let thy thunders roll !
 Now vengeance smile—and with a blow
 Lay the rebellious ingrate low.

- 5 Yet Jesus, Jesus ! there I'll cling,
 I'll crowd beneath his sheltering wing ;
 I'll clasp the cross, and holding there,
 Even me, oh bliss !—his wrath may spare !

HYMN 44. 8, 7, 4.

- 1 Lo ! he comes with clouds descending,
 Once for favor'd sinners slain !
 Thousand, thousand saints attending,
 Swell the triumph of his train :
 Hallelujah !

God appears on earth again !

- 2 Ev'ry eye shall now behold him,
 Rob'd in dreadful majesty ;
 Those who set at naught and sold him,
 Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
 Deeply wailing,
 Shall the true Messiah see.

- 3 The dear tokens of his passion,
 Still his dazzling body bears,
 Cause of endless exultation,
 To his ransom'd worshippers ;
 With what rapture
 Gaze we on those glorious scars !

- 4 Yea, amen, let all adore thee,
 High on thine eternal throne ;
 Saviour take the pow'r and glory,
 Claim the kingdoms for thine own,
 Jah, Jehovah !
 Everlasting God, come down !

HYMN 45. C. M.

- 1 AMAZING Grace ! (how sweet the sound)
 That sav'd a wretch like me !

- 1 once was lost, but now am found ;
Was blind, but now I see.
- 2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my tears reliev'd ;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believ'd !
- 3 Thro' many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come ;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

HYMN 46. C. M.

- 1 COME, O my soul, look up and see
How swift the moments run !
Swift as the wheels of time rolls round
My closing days bring on.
- 2 Some busy hand, perhaps this hour,
Is weaving fast my shroud ;
Soon hoary winter will draw on,
And freeze life's vital flood.
- 3 Few clocks, for aught I know, may strike
Before my fun'ral knell,
Which, by its doleful sounding tongue,
Shall my departure tell.
- 4 " When the grim king of terror's calls,
May I triumphant stand ;
And find my Saviour then my friend,
To guide me with his hand.
- 5 Then shall my spirit soar away
To heaven, and see his face ;

And sing, with all the ransom'd throng,
The wonders of his grace."

HYMN 47. L. M.

- 1 AFFLICTED soul, to Christ draw near ;
The Saviour's gracious promise hear ;
His faithful word declares to thee,
That as thy days thy strength shall be.
- 2 Let not thy heart despond, and say,
"How shall I stand the trying day ?"
He has engag'd, by firm decree,
That as thy days thy strength shall be.
- 3 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong,
And if the conflict should be long,
Thy Lord will make the tempter flee ;
For as thy days thy strength shall be.
- 4 When call'd to bear the weighty cross,
Or sore affliction, pain, or loss—
Or deep distress, or poverty,
Still as thy days thy strength shall be.
- 5 When ghastly death appears in view,
Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue ;
He comes to set thy spirit free,
And as thy days thy strength shall be.

HYMN 48. L. M.

- 1 DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord,
Help us to feed upon thy word ;
All that has been amiss, forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.
- 2 Though we are guilty thou art good ;
Wash all our works in Jesu's blood .

Give every fetter'd soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

HYMN 49. C. M.

- 1 OUR souls, by love, together knit,
Cemented, mix'd in one,
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,
'Tis heaven on earth begun.
- 2 Our hearts have burned, while Jesus spakē,
And glow'd with sacred fire ;
He stoop'd, and talk'd, and fed, and blest,
And fill'd th' enlarg'd desire.

Chorus. L. M.

- “ A Saviour ! ” let creation sing !
“ A Saviour ! ” let all heaven ring !
He's God with us, we feel him ours,
His fulness on our souls he pours,
'Tis almost done, 'tis almost o'er,
We're joining those who're gone before,
We then shall meet to part no more.
- 3 The little cloud increases still,
The heavens are big with rain ;
We haste to catch the teeming show'r,
And all its moisture drain.
 - 4 A rill, a stream, a torrent flows !
Lord, pour a mighty flood ;
Oh ! sweep the nations, shake the earth,
'Till all proclaim thee God.

“ A Saviour ! ” &c.

- 5 And when thou mak'st thy jewels up ;
And sett'st thy starry crown ;

When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
Proclaim'd by thee thine own ;

- 6 May we, a little band of love,
We sinners sav'd by grace,
From glory unto glory chang'd,
Behold thee face to face !
“ A Saviour ! ” &c.

HYMN 50. C. M.

- 1 LET worldly minds the world pursue,
It has no charms for me ;
Once I admir'd its trifles too,
But grace has set me free.
- 2 Its pleasures now no longer please,
No more content afford ;
Far from my heart be joys like these,
Now I have seen the Lord.
- 3 As by the light of op'ning day
The stars are all conceal'd :
So earthly pleasures fade away,
When Jesus is reveal'd.

HYMN 51. 7s.

- 1 'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live ;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.
- 2 After death its joys will be
Lasting as eternity ;
If the Saviour is my friend,
Then my bliss shall never end.

HYMN 52. C. M.

- 1 THE Lord will happiness divine
On contrite hearts bestow ;
Then tell me, gracious God, is mine
A contrite heart, or no ?
- 2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
Insensible as steel ;
If aught is felt, 'tis only pain
To find I cannot feel.
- 3 I sometimes think myself inclin'd
To love thee, if I could ;
But often feel another mind,
Averse to all that's good.
- 4 My best desires are faint and few,
I fain would strive for more ;
But when I cry, " My strength renew,"
Seem weaker than before.
- 5 I see thy saints with comfort fill'd,
When in thy house of pray'r ;
But still in bondage I am held,
And find no comfort there.
- 6 Oh, make this heart rejoice or ache—
Decide this doubt for me ;
And if it be not broken, break,
And heal it if it be.

HYMN 53. P. M.

- 1 DAY of judgment, day of wonders !
Hark ! the trumpet's awful sound,

Louder than a thousand thunders,
 Shakes the vast creation round !
 How the summons
 Will the sinners heart confound !

2 See the Judge, our nature wearing,
 Cloth'd in majesty divine !
 You, who long for his appearing,
 Then shall say, " This God is mine !"
 Gracious Saviour,
 Own me in that day for *thine* !

3 At his call the dead awaken,
 Rise to life, from earth and sea :
 All the powers of nature, shaken
 By his looks, prepare to flee :
 Careless sinner,
 What will then become of thee ?

4 But to those who have confessed,
 Lov'd and serv'd the Lord below,
 He will say, " Come near, ye blessed,
 See the kingdom I bestow !
 You, for ever,
 Shall my love and glory know."

5 Under sorrows and reproaches,
 May this thought our courage raise !
 Swiftly God's great day approaches,
 Sighs shall then be chang'd to praise :
 We shall triumph,
 When the world is in a blaze.

HYMN 54. L. M.

- 1 O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their mem'ry from thy book.
- 2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin :
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.
- 3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight :
Thine holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.
- 4 Though I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,
Thy help and comfort still afford :
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.
- 5 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring ;
The God of Grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.
- 6 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just ;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemn'd to die.
- 7 Then will I teach the world thy ways ;
Sinners shall learn thy sov'reign grace ;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pard'ning God.

HYMN 55. L. M.

- 1 O FOR a glance of heav'nly day,
To melt this stubborn stone away ;
And thaw, with beams of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.
- 2 The rocks can rend, the earth can quake,
The seas can roar, the mountains shake ;
Of feeling, all things shew some sign
But this unfeeling heart of mine.
- 3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
What but an adamant would melt ?
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing moves this heart of mine.
- 4 Eternal Spirit, mighty God,
Apply within the Saviour's blood ;
'Tis his rich blood, and his alone,
Can move and melt this heart of stone.

HYMN 56. L. M.

- 1 PILGRIMS, we are to Canaan bound,
Our journey lies along this road ;
This wilderness we travel round,
To reach the city of our God.
- 2 A few more days, or weeks, or years
In this dark desert to complain ;
A few more sighs, a few more tears,
And we shall bid adieu to pain.

HYMN 57. C. M.

- 1 How long shall earth's alluring toys
Detain our hearts and eyes,
Regardless of immortal joys,
And strangers to the skies !

- 2 These transient scenes will soon decay,
 They fade upon the sight ;
 And quickly will their brightest day
 Be lost in endless night.
- 3 Lord, send a beam of light divine,
 To guide our upward aim !
 With one reviving touch of thine
 Our languid hearts inflame.
- 4 Then shall, on faith's sublimest wing,
 Our ardent wishes rise [spring
 To those bright scenes, where pleasures
 Immortal in the skies.

HYMN 58. C. M.

- 1 SUBMISSIVE to thy will, my God,
 I all to thee resign,
 And bow before thy chast'ning rod,
 I mourn, but not repine.
- 2 Why should my foolish heart complain,
 Where wisdom, truth, and love,
 Direct the stroke, inflict the pain,
 And point to rest above ?
- 3 How short are all my suff'rings here,
 How needful every cross !
 Avaunt thou unbelieving fear,
 Nor call my gain, my loss.
- 4 Then give, dear Lord, or take away,
 I'll bless thy sacred name ;
 My Jesus, yesterday, to-day,
 For ever is the same.

HYMN 59. C. M.

- 1 SHOULD nature's charms to please the eye,
In sweet assemblage join,
All nature's charms would droop and die,
Jesus, compar'd with thine.
- 2 Vain were her fairest beams display'd,
And vain her blooming store ;
Her brightness languishes to shade,
Her beauty is no more.
- 3 But ah, how far from mortal sight
The Lord of glory dwells !
A veil of interposing night
His radiant face conceals.
- 4 O could my longing spirit rise
On strong immortal wing,
And reach thy palace in the skies,
My Saviour and my King !
- 5 There thousands worship at thy feet,
And there (divine employ !)
The triumphs of thy love repeat,
In songs of endless joy.
- 6 Thy presence beams eternal day,
O'er all the blissful place ;
Who would not drop this load of clay,
And die to see thy face ?

HYMN 60. L. M.

- 1 WHY sinks my weak desponding mind ?
Why heaves my heart the anxious sigh ?
Can sov'reign goodness be unkind ?
Am I not safe if God is nigh ?

- 2 He holds all nature in his hand :
 That gracious hand on which we live,
 Does life, and time, and death command,
 And has immortal joys to give.
- 3 'Tis he supports this dying frame,
 On him alone my hopes recline ;
 The wond'rous glories of his name,
 How wide they spread ! how bright they shine !
- 4 Infinite wisdom ! boundless power !
 Unchanging faithfulness and love !
 Here let me trust, while I adore,
 Nor from my refuge e'er remove.

HYMN 61. L. M.

- 1 O how divine, how sweet the joy
 When but one sinner turns ;
 When the poor wretch with broken heart,
 His sins and errors mourns !
- 2 Pleas'd with the news the saints below,
 In songs their tongues employ ;
 Beyond the skies the tidings go,
 And heaven is fill'd with joy.
- 3 Well pleas'd the Father sees and hears
 The conscious sinner weep ;
 Jesus receives him in his arms,
 And owns him for his sheep.
- 4 Not angels can their joys contain,
 But kindle with new fire :
 " A wandering sheep's return'd," they sing
 And strike the sounding lyre.

HYMN 62. L. M.

- 1 DESCEND from heaven, immortal Dove,
Stoop down, and take us on thy wings ;
And mount, and bear us far above
The reach of these inferior things :
- 2 Beyond, beyond this lower sky,
Up where eternal ages roll ;
Where solid pleasures never die,
And fruits immortal feast the soul.
- 3 O for a sight, a pleasing sight
Of our Almighty Father's throne !
There sits our Saviour crown'd with light,
Cloth'd in a body like our own.
- 4 Adoring saints around him stand,
And thrones and powers before him fall ;
The God shines gracious through the man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all !
- 5 When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,
That I shall mount to dwell above ;
And stand and bow among them there,
And view thy face, and sing, and love ?

HYMN 63. L. M.

- 1 WHEN marshall'd on the nightly plain,
The glitt'ring host bestud the sky ;
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wand'ring eye.
- 2 Hark ! hark ! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem ;

But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the star of Bethlehem.

- 3 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud—the night was dark—
The ocean yawn'd—and rudely blow'd
The wind that toss'd my found'ring bark,
- 4 Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceas'd the tide to stem ;
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the star of Bethlehem.
- 5 It was my guide, my light my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease ;
And through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
- 6 Now safely moor'd—my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
'The star!—the star of Bethlehem !

HYMN 64. L. M.

- 1 LET thoughtless thousands choose the road
That leads the soul away from God ;
This happiness, dear Lord, be mine,
To live and die entirely thine.
- 2 On Christ, by faith, my soul would live,
From him, my life, my all receive ;
To him devote my fleeting hours,
Serve him alone with all my pow'rs.
- 3 Christ is my everlasting all,
To him I look, on him I call ;

He will my every want supply,
In time, and thro' eternity.

- 4 Soon will the Lord, my life, appear ;
Soon shall I end my trials here—
Leave sin and sorrow, death and pain—
To live is Christ—to die is gain.
- 5 Soon will the saints in glory meet—
Soon walk thro' every golden street,
And sing on every blissful plain,
To live is Christ, to die is gain.

HYMN 65. L. M.

- 1 THANKS to thy name, O Lord that we
One glorious Sabbath more behold ;
Dear Shepherd, let us meet with thee,
Among thy sheep, in this thy fold.
- 2 Now, Lord, among thy tribes appear,
And let thy presence fill the throng ;
Thy awful voice let sinners hear,
And bid the feeble heart be strong.
- 3 Put forth thy shepherd's crook, and stay
Thy wandering sheep, and bring them back ;
O bring the wandering home to-day,
And save them for thy mercy's sake.

HYMN 66. L. M.

- 1 WITH conscious guilt and bleeding heart,
Near to thy throne of grace I fly ;
O ! friend of friendless sinners, deign
To hear my penitential cry.
- 2 Borne down with sin's tremendous load,
I cannot raise my soul to thee ;

E'en when I would approach thy throne,
Through unbelief I'm kept away.

- 3 My first, my only cry shall be,
"Thy sanctifying grace impart,
And form my soul alike to thee,
And dwell forever in my heart."

HYMN 67. S. M.

- 1 UNTO thine altar Lord,
A broken heart I bring;
And wilt thou graciously accept
Of such a worthless thing?
- 2 To Christ the bleeding lamb,
My faith directs its eyes;
Thou may'st reject that worthless thing,
But not his sacrifice.
- 3 When he gave up the Ghost,
The law was satisfy'd;
And now to its most rigorous claims,
I answer, "Jesus died."

HYMN 68. C. M.

- 1 COME let us join in sweet accord
In hymns around the throne;
'Tis the day our rising Lord
Hath made and call'd his own.
- 2 This is the day which God hath blest,
The brightest of the sev'n;
'Type of that everlasting rest,
The saints enjoy in heav'n.

HYMN 69. C. M.

- 1 FATHER of mercies in thy word,
What endless glory shines!

For ever be thy name ador'd
For these celestial lines.

- 2 Here, the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around ;
And life, and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.
- 3 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight ;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light !
- 4 Divine instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near,
Teach me to love thy sacred word.
And view my Saviour there.

HYMN 70. C. M.

- 1 HARK the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long !
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.
- 2 He comes the prisoners to release,
In satan's bondage held ;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.
- 3 He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure ;
And, with the treasures of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.
- 4 Our glad Hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;

And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

HYMN 71. C. M.

- 1 'Tis done ! the precious ransom's paid ;
Receive my soul, he cries ;
See where he bows his sacred head ;
He bows his head and dies !
- 2 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine ;
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine !

HYMN 72. L. M.

- 1 JESUS, who died that we might live,
Died in the wretched traitor's place ;
O what returns can mortals give,
For such immeasurable grace ?
- 2 Were universal nature ours,
And art with all her boasted store ;
Nature and art with all their powers,
Would still confess the offerer poor !
- 3 Yet tho' for bounty so divine !
We ne'er can equal honours raise,
Jesus, may all our hearts be thine
And all our tongues proclaim thy praise !

HYMN 73. C. M.

- 1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name !
Let angels prostrate fall :
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

- 2 Crown him, ye martyrs of your God,
 Who from his altar call ;
 Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Ye gentile sinners, ne'er forget
 The wormwood and the gall ;
 Go spread your trophies at his feet,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
 On this terrestrial ball,
 To him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 5 O that, with yonder sacred throng,
 We at his feet may fall ;
 There join the everlasting song,
 And crown him Lord of all.

HYMN 74. L. M.

- 1 JESUS, my love, my chief delight,
 For thee I long, for thee I pray ;
 Amid the shadows of the night,
 Amid the business of the day.
- 2 Thou art the glorious gift of God,
 To sinners weary and distress ;
 The first of all his gifts bestow'd ;
 And certain pledge of all the rest.
- 3 Could I but say, " This gift is mine,"
 I'd tread the world beneath my feet ;
 No more at poverty repine,
 Nor envy sinners rich and great.

- 4 The precious jewel I would keep,
 And lodge it deep within my heart ;
 At home, abroad, awake, asleep,
 It never should from thence depart !

HYMN 75. Sevens.

- 1 JESUS, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly ;
 While the billows near me roll,
 While the tempest still is nigh !
- 2 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past ;
 Safe into the haven guide ;
 O receive my soul at last !
- 3 Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;
 Leave, ah ! leave me not alone—
 Still support and comfort me !
- 4 All my trust on thee is stay'd ;
 All my help from thee I bring ;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.
- 5 Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;
 Boundless love in thee I find ;
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
- 9 Just and holy is thy name,
 I am all unrighteousness ;
 Vile and full of sin I am—
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

- 7 Plenteous grace with thee is found—
 Grace to pardon all my sin ;
 Let the healing streams abound ;
 Let me feel them flow within.
- 8 Thou of life the fountain art ;
 Freely let me take of thee ;
 Spring thou up within my heart—
 Rise to all eternity !

HYMN 76. P. M.

- 1 HAIL, everlasting spring !
 Celestial fountain, hail !
 Thy streams salvation bring,
 The waters never fail :
 Still they endure,
 And still they flow,
 For all our wo
 A sovereign cure.
- 2 Blest be his wounded side,
 And blest his bleeding heart,
 Who all in anguish died,
 Such favours to impart :
 His sacred blood
 Shall make us clean,
 From every sin,
 And fit for God.
- 3 To that dear source of love
 Our souls this day would come ;
 And thither from above,
 Lord, call the nations home :
 The Jew and Greek,
 With rapturous songs

On all their tongues,
Thy praise may speak.

HYMN 77. S. M.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, come,
Let thy bright beams arise ;
Dispel the darkness from our minds.
And open all our eyes.
- 2 Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood :
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.
- 3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove ;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

HYMN 78. P. M.

- 1 ALAS ! this adamantine heart,
This icy rock within !
Alas ! these active powers congeal'd
By the deceits of sin.
- 2 Can'st thou my soul, to heaven allied,
A native of the sky,
Thus in ignoble fetters bound,
A willing captive lie ?
- 3 What ! cannot all the melting charms
Of a Redeemer's love,
Nor thunderbolts of wrath divine
This flinty bosom move ?
- 4 O let this rock asunder break
Before thy awful face ;

Or rather melt away beneath
Thy milder beams of grace.

HYMN 79. C. M.

- 1 IN heaven the rapt'rous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Thro' all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tun'd the lyre.
- 2 Swift thro' the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo roll'd ;
The theme, the song, the joy was new,
'Twas more than heaven could hold.
- 3 Down thro' the portals of the sky
The impetuous torrent ran ;
And angels flew with eager joy
To bear the news to man.
- 4 Hark ! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song ;
Good will and peace are heard throughout
The harmonious, heavenly throng.
- 5 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
" Glory to God on high ;
" Good will and peace are now complete,
" Jesus was born to die."

HYMN 80. S. M.

- 1 AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb ;
Wake, every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.
- 2 Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his rising pow'r ;

Sing how he intercedes above,
For those whose sins he bore.

- 3 Sing till we feel our hearts
Ascending with our tongues ;
Sing till the love of sin departs,
And grace inspires our songs.

HYMN 81. C. M.

- 1 THE Saviour ! O what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound !
Its influence ev'ry fear disarms ;
And spreads sweet comfort round.
- 2 Here pardon, life, and joys divine,
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels lost in sin,
And doom'd to endless wo.
- 3 The Almighty former of the skies
Stoop'd to our vile abode ;
While angels view'd with wond'ring eyes,
And hail'd the incarnate God.
- 4 O the rich depths of love divine,
Of bliss, a boundless store !
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine ;
I cannot wish for more.
- 5 On thee alone my hope relies,
Beneath thy cross I fall ;
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my all.

HYMN 82. P. M.

- 1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore !

Jesus ready stands to save you,
 Full of pity join'd with power :
 He is able,
 He is willing : doubt no more !

2 Come, ye thirsty, come, and welcome !
 God's free bounty glorify :
 True belief, and true repentance,
 Every grace that brings us nigh—
 Without money
 Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
 All the fitness he requireth,
 Is to feel your need of him :
 This he gives you ;
 'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
 Lost and ruin'd by the fall !
 If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all :
 Not the righteous,—
 Sinners, Jesus came to call.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
 Lo ! your Maker prostrate lies !
 On the bloody tree behold him,
 Hear him cry before he dies,
 " It is finish'd !"
 Sinners, will not this suffice ?

HYMN 81. C. M.

1 SALVATION ! O melodious sound
 To wretched dying men !

Salvation, that from God proceeds,
And leads to God again.

- 2 But may a poor bewilder'd soul,
Sinful and weak as mine,
Presume to raise a trembling eye
To blessings so divine ?
- 3 My Saviour God, no voice but thine
These dying hopes can raise :
Speak thy salvation to my soul,
And turn my prayer to praise.

HYMN 82. C. M.

- 1 WHEN bending o'er the brink of life,
My trembling soul shall stand ;
Waiting to pass death's awful flood,
Great God, at thy command !
- 2 When weeping friends surround my bed,
And close my sightless eyes ;
When shatter'd by the weight of years
This broken body lies—
- 3 When ev'ry long-lov'd scene of life
Stands ready to depart ;
When the last sigh that shakes the frame
Shall rend this bursting heart—
- 4 O, thou great source of joy supreme,
Whose arm alone can save,
Dispel the darkness that surrounds
The entrance to the grave !
- 5 Lay thy supporting gentle hand
Beneath my sinking head ;

And with a ray of love divine,
 Illume my dying bed !

- 6 Leaning on thy dear faithful breast
 May I resign my breath !
 And, in thy fond embraces, lose
 “ The bitterness of death ! ”

HYMN 83. L. M.

- 1 OH ! for a heart that soars above,
 And scorns the trifles here below :
 A heart well warm'd with holy love,
 But dead to sense and outward show.
- 2 Let all my bliss and treasure lie,
 Where in *thy light* I light shall see :
 The soul may freely dare to die,
 That longs to be possess'd of thee.

HYMN 84. L. M.

- 1 BEHOLD ! the last great day is come ;
 Methinks I hear the trumpet's sound,
 That shakes the earth, rends every tomb,
 And wakes the pris'ners under ground.
- 2 The mighty deep gives up her trust,
 Aw'd by the Judge's high command ;
 Both small and great now quit their dust,
 And round the dread tribunal stand !
- 3 Behold the awful books display'd,
 Big with th' important fates of men ;
 Each deed and word now public made,
 As wrote by heav'ns unerring pen.
- 4 To every soul the books assign
 The joyous or the dread reward :

Sinners, in vain, lament and pine,
No pleas the Judge will here regard.

- 5 Lord, when these awful leaves unfold,
May life's fair book my soul approve :
There may I read my name enroll'd,
And triumph in redeeming love.

HYMN 85. S. M.

- 1 AND will the Judge descend ?
And must the dead arise ?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes ?
- 2 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven, before his face,
Astonish'd shrink away ?
- 3 But ere the trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark, from the gospel's gentle voice,
What joyful tidings spread !
- 4 Ye sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear ;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

HYMN 86. C. M.

- 1 PROSTRATE, dear Jesus at thy feet
A guilty rebel lies ;
And upwards to the mercy seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.
- 2 O let not justice frown me hence :
Stay, stay the vengeful storm :

Forbid it that Omnipotence
Should crush a feeble worm.

- 3 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow.
- 4 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt ;
No tears, but those which thou hast shed,
No blood, but thou hast spilt.

HYMN 87. C. M.

- 1 SWEET was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pard'ning blood
Apply'd, to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.
- 2 Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,
His praises tun'd my tongue ;
And when the evening shades prevail'd
His love was all my song.
- 3 In vain the tempter spread his wiles,
The world no more could charm ;
I liv'd upon my Saviour's smiles,
And lean'd upon his arm.
- 4 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine ;
And when I read his holy word,
I call'd each promise mine.
- 5 Now when the evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns ;

And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

HYMN 88. C. M.

- 1 DEAR refuge of my weary soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise—
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.
- 2 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face
And shall I seek in vain ?
And can the ear of sov'reign grace
Be deaf when I complain ?
- 3 No ; still the ear of sov'reign grace
Attends the mourner's prayer ;
O may I ever find access
To breathe my sorrows there.

HYMN 89. L. M.

- 1 RAISE to the cross thy weeping eyes,
Behold ! the Prince of glory dies !
He dies extended on the tree,
And sheds a sovereign balm for me.
- 2 Millions, who now his throne surround,
Here sought relief, here mercy found ;
His cross dispell'd their gloomy fears,
Heal'd all their wounds, dried all their tears.
- 3 And shall my trembling soul complain,
“ I sought relief, but sought in vain ?
That Jesus, who for sinners died,
Heard all my groans, and still denied ? ”
- 4 Dear Saviour, at thy feet I lie,
Here to receive a cure, or die ;

But love forbids that painful fear,
And grace that reigns triumphant here.

HYMN 90. S. M.

- 1 DID Christ o'er sinners weep ?
And shall our cheeks be dry ?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from ev'ry eye.
- 2 The Son of God in tears,
Angels with wonder see !
Be thou astonish'd, O my soul,
He shed those tears for thee.
- 3 He wept, that we might weep,
Each sin demands a tear ;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

HYMN 91. S. M.

- 1 To-morrow, Lord, is thine,
Lodg'd in thy sovereign hand ;
And, if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.
- 2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away ;
O make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.

HYMN 92. P. M.

- 1 YE dying sons of men,
Immerg'd in sin and wo,
The gospel's voice attend,
While Jesus sends to you :
Ye perishing and guilty come,
In Jesus' arms there yet is room.

2 No longer now delay,
 No vain excuses frame ;
 He bids you come to-day,
 Tho' poor, and blind, and lame :
 All things are ready, sinners come,
 For every trembling soul there's room.

3 Compell'd by bleeding love ;
 Ye wandering sheep draw near ;
 Christ calls you from above,
 His charming accents hear !
 Let whosoever will now come :
 In mercy's arms there still is room.

HYMN 93. L. M.

1 FAR from my thoughts, vain world, begone ;
 Let my religious hours alone :
 Fain would my eyes my Saviour see—
 I wait a visit, Lord, from thee !

2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
 And kindles with a pure desire :
 Come, my dear Jesus, from above,
 And feed my soul with heavenly love.

3 Bless'd Jesus, what delicious fare !
 How sweet thy entertainments are !
 Never did angels taste above
 Redeeming grace and dying love.

4 Hail ! great Immanuel, all divine !
 In thee thy Father's glories shine ;
 Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest One,
 That eyes have seen, or angels known !

HYMN 94. S. M.

- 1 RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune ;
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.
- 2 Sing how eternal Love
Its chief beloved chose,
And bid him raise our wretched race
From their abyss of woes.
- 3 His hand no thunder hears,
No terror clothes his brow ;
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.
- 4 'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with pardon down
To rebels doom'd to die.
- 5 Now, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrow cease ;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offer'd peace.
- 6 Lord, we obey thy call ;
We lay an humble claim
To the salvation thou hast brought,
And love and praise thy name.

HYMN 95. L. M.

- 1 I SEND the joys of earth away :
Away, ye tempters of the mind,

- False as the smooth deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.
- 2 Your streams were floating me along
Down to the gulf of black despair ;
And whilst I listen'd to your song,
Your streams had e'en convey'd me there
- 3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace, .
That warn'd me of that dark abyss ;
That drew me from those treach'rous seas,
And bade me seek superior bliss.
- 4 Now to the shining realms above
I stretch my hands, and glance my eyes ;
O for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper skies !

HYMN 96. C. M.

- 1 My drowsy powers, why sleep ye so !
Awake, my sluggish soul ;
Nothing has half thy work to do ;
Yet nothing's half so dull !
- 2 Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still,
And never act our parts ?
Come, holy Dove, from th' heavenly hill,
And sit and warm our hearts.
- 3 Then shall our active spirits move ;
Upwards our souls shall rise :
With hands of faith, and wings of love,
We'll fly, and take the prize.

HYMN 97. C. M.

- 1 Stoop down, my thoughts, that us'd to rise,
Converse a while with death ;

- Think how a gasping mortal lies,
And pants away his breath.
- 2 His quiv'ring lip hangs feebly down,
His pulse is faint and few :
Then, speechless, with a doleful groan,
He bids the world adieu.
- 3 But oh, the soul, that never dies !
At once it leaves the clay !
Ye thoughts, pursue it where it flies,
And track its wond'rous way !
- 4 Up to the courts where angels dwell,
It mounts—triumphing there ;
Or devils plunge it down to hell,
In infinite despair !
- 5 Jesus, to thy dear faithful hand
My naked soul I trust ;
And my flesh waits for thy command,
To drop into the dust.

HYMN 98. C. M.

- 1 'Tis but, at best, a narrow bound,
That heaven allows to men ;
And pains and sins run through the round
Of threescore years and ten.
- 2 Well, if ye must be sad and few,
Run on, my days, in haste :
Moments of sin and months of wo,
Ye cannot fly too fast.
- 3 Let heavenly love prepare my soul,
And call her to the skies,

Where years of long salvation roll,
And glory never dies.

HYMN 99. L. M.

- 1 THY favours, Lord, surprise our souls ;
Will the Eternal dwell with us ?
What canst thou find beneath the poles,
To tempt thy chariot downward thus ?
- 2 Still might he fill his starry throne,
And please his ears with Gabriel's songs :
But heavenly majesty comes down,
And bows to hearken to our tongues !
- 3 Great God ! what poor returns we pay
For love so infinite as thine !
Words are but air, and tongues but clay,
But thy compassion's all divine.

HYMN 100. P. M.

- 1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound !
Let all the nations know
To earth's remotest bound ;
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atonement Lamb ;
Redemption by his blood,
Through all the lands proclaim ;
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 3 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive ;

And safe in Jesus dwell,
 And blest in Jesus live ;
 The year of Jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

4 The gospel trumpet hear,
 The news of pard'ning grace ;
 Ye happy souls draw near,
 Behold your Saviour's face ;
 The year of Jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

5 Jesus, our great high priest,
 Has full atonement made ;
 Ye weary spirits rest ;
 Ye mournful souls be glad !
 The year of Jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

HYMN 101. C. M.

- 1 THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;
 And sinners plung'd beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.
- 3 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing thy pow'r to save ;
 When this poor lisping stamm'ring tongue,
 Lies silent in the grave.

HYMN 102. L. M.

- 1 STRETCH'D on the cross the Saviour dies ;
Hark ! his expiring groans arise ;
See from his hands, his feet, his side,
Runs down the sacred crimson tide.
- 2 But life attends the deathful sound,
And flows from ev'ry bleeding wound ;
The vital stream how free it flows,
To save and cleanse his rebel foes !
- 3 Can I survey this scene of wo,
Where mingling grief and wonder flow ;
And yet my heart unmov'd remain,
Insensible to love or pain ?
- 4 Come, dearest Lord, thy grace impart,
To warm this cold, this stupid heart !
Till all its pow'rs and passions move,
In melting grief and ardent love.

HYMN 103. C. M.

- 1 "Thou pity'dst him who once apply'd,
With trembling for relief ;
"Lord, I believe," with tears he cry'd,
"Oh, help my unbelief."
- 2 She too who touch'd thee in the press,
And healing virtue stole,
Was answer'd, " Daughter, go in peace,
"Thy faith hath made thee whole."
- 3 Like her with hopes and fears we come,
To touch thee if we may ;
Oh ! send us not despairing home,
Send none unheal'd away.

HYMN 104. L. M.

- 1 STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
 Though I have done thee such despite,
 Cast not a sinner quite away,
 Nor take thine everlasting flight ;
- 2 Though I have most unfaithful been
 Of all, who'er thy grace receiv'd,
 Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
 Ten thousand times thy goodness griev'd.
- 3 But Oh ! the chief of sinners spare,
 In honor of my great high-priest ;
 Nor in thy righteous anger swear,
 I shall not see thy people's rest.

HYMN 105. L. M.

- 1 So fades the lovely blooming flower,
 Frail smiling solace of an hour ;
 So all our earthly comforts fly,
 And pleasure only blooms to die.
- 2 Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eye,
 And faith soars higher than the sky,
 Those blissful regions to explore,
 Where pleasure blooms to die no more.

HYMN 106. C. M.

- 1 LORD at thy feet we sinners lie,
 And knock at mercy's door ;
 With heavy heart and downcast eye,
 Thy favor we implore.
- 2 'Tis mercy, mercy we implore,
 We would thy bowels move ;
 Thy grace is an exhaustless store,
 And thou thyself art love.

- 3 Oh, for thine own, for Jesus' sake,
 Our many sins forgive ;
 Thy grace our rocky hearts can break,
 And breaking soon relieve.
- 4 Thus melt us down, thus make us bend,
 And thy dominion own ;
 Nor let a rival more pretend
 To repossess thy throne.

HYMN 107. S. M.

- 1 BLEST be the tie that binds
 Our hearts in christian love ;
 The fellowship of kindred minds,
 Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne
 We pour our ardent pray'rs ;
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
 Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes ;
 Our mutual burdens bear ;
 And often for each other flows
 The sympathising tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,
 It gives us inward pain ;
 But we shall still be join'd in heart,
 And hope to meet again.
- 5 This glorious hope revives
 Our courage by the way ;
 While each in expectation lives,
 And longs to see the day.

- 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
 And sin, we shall be free ;
 And perfect love and friendship reign
 Through all eternity.

HYMN 108. S. M.

- 1 LET party names no more
 The christian world o'erspread ;
 Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
 Are one in Christ their head.
- 2 Among the saints on earth,
 Let mutual love be found ;
 Heirs of the same inheritance,
 With mutual blessings crown'd.
- 3 Let discord, child of hell !
 Be banish'd far away ;
 Those should in strictest friendship dwell,
 Who the same Lord obey.
- 4 Thus will the church below
 Resemble that above,
 Where streams of pleasure ever flow
 And ev'ry heart is love.

HYMN 109. C. M.

- 1 BLEST Saviour, by thy pow'rful word,
 Once night was turn'd to day ;
 And thy salvation joy restor'd,
 Which I had sinn'd away.
- 2 'Twas then I wonder'd and ador'd
 To see thy grace divine ;
 I felt thy love, I prais'd the Lord.
 Who made such blessings mine.

- 3 Wilt thou not still vouchsafe to own,
 A wretch so vile as I ?
 May I not still approach thy throne,
 And, Abba Father, cry ?
- 4 Lord, speak a gracious word again,
 And cheer my drooping heart ;
 No voice but thine can soothe my pain,
 Or bid my fears depart.

HYMN 110. C. M.

- 1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
 In trouble and in joy,
 The praises of my God shall still
 My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 Of his deliv'rance I will boast
 Till all who are distress,
 From my example comfort take,
 And charm their griefs to rest.
- 3 Oh, make but trial of his love,
 Experience will decide,
 How blest are they, and only they,
 Who in his trust confide.
- 4 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
 Have nothing else to fear ;
 Come make his service your delight ;
 He'll make your wants his care.

HYMN 111. L. M.

- 1 THEE will I love, my Lord, my tow'r ;
 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown ;
 Thee will I love, with all my pow'r
 Of mind, and strength, and thee alone :

- 2 Thee will I love, and bless thy throne ;
 Thee will I love, my Lord, my God ;
 Thee will I love, beneath thy frown,
 Thy smiles, thy sceptre, or thy rod.

HYMN 112. C. M.

- 1 OH, could I find from day to day,
 A nearness to my God ;
 Then should my hours glide sweet away
 And lean upon his word.
- 2 Lord, I desire with thee to live,
 Anew from day to day ;
 In joys the world can never give,
 Nor ever take away.
- 3 O Jesus, come and rule my heart.
 And make me wholly thine ;
 That I may never more depart,
 Nor grieve thy love divine.

HYMN 113. Eights and Sevens.

- 1 " MERCY, O thou son of David !"
 Thus the blind Bartim'us prayed ;
 Others by thy word are saved,
 Now to me afford thine aid.
- 2 Many for his crying chid him,
 But he call'd the louder still ;
 Till the gracious Saviour bid him,
 " Come, and ask me what you will."
- 3 Money was not what he wanted,
 Though by begging us'd to live ;
 But he ask'd, and Jesus granted,
 Alms which none but he could give.

- 4 "Lord remove this grievous blindness,
Let my eyes behold the day!"
Straight he saw, and won by kindness,
Follow'd Jesus in the way.
- 5 Oh! methinks, I hear him praising,
Publishing to all around;
"Friends, is not my case amazing?
What a Saviour I have found!
- 6 Oh! that all the blind but knew him,
And would be advis'd by me!
Surely they would hasten to him,
He would cause them all to see.
- 7 Now I freely leave my garment,
Follow Jesus in the way,
He will guide me by his counsel,
Bring me to eternal day."

HYMN 114. C. M.

- 1 Ah! who can speak the vast dismay
That fills the sinner's mind,
When torn by death's strong hand away,
He leaves his all behind.
- 2 Worldlings who cleave to earthly things,
But are not rich to God,
Will feel that death is full of stings,
And hell a dark abode.
- 3 Dear Saviour, make us timely wise,
Thy gospel to attend;
That we may live above the skies,
When time and life shall end.

HYMN 115. 11s.

- 1 How firm a foundation ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word !
What more can he say than to you he hath said,
Who unto the Saviour for refuge have fled ?
- 2 In ev'ry condition, in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth ;
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
" As thy days may demand, shall thy strength
ever be.
- 3 " Fear not, I am with thee, Oh, be not dismay'd,
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid ;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee
to stand,
Upheld by my righteous Omnipotent hand.
- 4 " When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow ;
For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee, thy deepest distress.
- 5 " When thro' fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply ;
The flames shall not hurt thee, I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 6 " Ev'n down to old age all my people shall prove
My sov'reign, eternal, unchangeable love ;
And then when grey hairs shall their temples
adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.
- 7 " The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for repose.
I will not, I will not desert to his foes ;

That soul, tho' all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never—no never—no never forsake."

HYMN 116. C. M.

- 1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss,
Thy sov'reign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise :
- 2 " Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From ev'ry murmur free ;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.
- 3 " Let the sweet hope that I am thine,
My life and death attend ;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end."

HYMN 117. L. M.

- 1 I ASK'D the Lord that I might grow,
In faith, and love, and ev'ry grace ;
Might more of his salvation know,
And seek more earnestly his face.
- 2 'Twas he who taught me thus to pray,
And he, I trust, has answer'd pray'r ;
But it has been in such a way,
As almost drove me to despair.
- 3 I hop'd that in some favour'd hour,
At once he'd answer my request,
And by his love's restraining pow'r,
Subdue my sins, and give me rest.
- 4 Instead of this, he made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart ;

- And let the angry pow'rs of hell,
Assault my soul in ev'ry part.
- 5 Yea more, with his own hand, he seem'd
Intent to aggravate my wo ;
Cross'd all the vast designs I schem'd,
Blasted my grounds and laid me low.
- 6 " Lord, why is this," I trembling cry'd,
" Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death ?"
" 'Tis in this way," the Lord reply'd,
" I answer pray'r for grace and faith.
- 7 " These inward trials I employ,
From self and pride, to set thee free ;
And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
That thou may'st seek thy all in me."

HYMN 118. L. M.

- 1 O WRETCHED souls who strive in vain,
Slaves to the world, and slaves to sin !
A nobler toil may I sustain,
A nobler satisfaction win.
- 2 May I resolve with all my heart,
With all my pow'rs, to serve the Lord ;
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
Whose service is a rich reward.
- 3 Oh, be his service all my joy,
Around let my example shine ;
Till others love the bless'd employ,
And join in labours so divine.
- 4 Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determin'd choice,

To yield to his supreme control,
And in his kind commands rejoice.

- 5 Oh, may I never faint nor tire,
Nor wand'ring leave his sacred ways ;
Great God, accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to love thy praise.

HYMN 119. 8, 7.

- 1 ONE there is above all others,
Well deserves the name of friend ;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end :
They who once his kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love !
- 2 Which of all our friends to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood ;
But this Saviour died to save us
Reconcil'd in him to God :
It was boundless love to bleed ;
Jesus is a friend indeed.
- 3 When he liv'd on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was his name ;
Now, above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same :
Still he calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.
- 4 Oh ! for grace our hearts to soften !
Teach us, Lord, at length to love ;
We alas ! forgot too often,
What a friend we have above :
When to heav'n our souls are brought,
We will love thee as we ought.

HYMN 120. L. M.

- 1 Ho ! ev'ry one that thirsts draw nigh,
('Tis God invites the fallen race,)

Mercy and free salvation buy !
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.
- 2 Come to the living waters, come,
Sinner obey your Maker's voice ;
Return ye weary wand'ers, home,
And in redeeming love rejoice.
- 3 See, from the rock, a fountain rise !
For you in healing streams it rolls ;
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye lab'ring, burden'd, thirsting souls.
- 4 Ye nothing in exchange can give ;
Leave all you have, and are, behind ;
Frankly the gift of God receive ;
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

HYMN 121. S. M.

- 1 DESTRUCTION'S dangerous road
What multitudes pursue !
While that which leads the soul to God,
Is known or sought by few.
- 2 Believers find the way
Thro' Christ the living gate ;
But those who hate this holy way,
Complain it is too strait.
- 3 If self must be deny'd,
And sin no more caress'd,
They rather choose the way that's wide,
And strive to think it best.

- 5 But hear the Saviour's word,
 " Strive for the heav'nly gate ;
 Many will call upon the Lord,
 And find their cries too late."

HYMN 122. L. M.

- 1 Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
 See Adam's race in ruin lie ;
 Sin spreads its trophies o'er the ground,
 And scatters slaughter'd heaps around.
- 2 And can these mould'ring corpses live ?
 And can these perish'd bones revive ?
 That, mighty God, to thee is known ;
 That wond'rous work is all thy own.
- 3 Thy ministers are sent in vain,
 To prophesy upon the slain ;
 In vain they call, in vain they cry,
 Till thine almighty aid is nigh.
- 4 But if thy spirit deign to breathe,
 Life spreads thro' all the realms of death :
 Dry bones obey thy powerful voice ;
 They move, they waken, they rejoice.

HYMN 123. C. M.

- 1 HARK ! from the tombs, a doleful sound !
 Mine ears, attend the cry—
 " Ye living men, come, view the ground,
 Where you must shortly lie.
- 2 " Princes, this clay must be your bed,
 In spite of all your towers ;
 The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head
 Must lie as low as ours."

- 3 Great God, is this our certain doom?
 And are we still secure?
 Still walking downward to the tomb,
 And yet prepar'd no more?
- 4 Grant us the powers of quick'ning grace,
 To fit our souls to fly;
 Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
 We'll rise above the sky.

HYMN 124. L. M.

- 1 ASCEND thy throne, Almighty King,
 And spread thy glories all abroad;
 Let thy own arm salvation bring,
 And be thou known, the gracious God.
- 2 Let millions bow before thy seat,
 Let humble mourners seek thy face,
 Bring daring rebels to thy feet,
 Subdu'd by thy victorious grace.
- 3 Oh, let the kingdoms of the world
 Become the kingdoms of the Lord;
 Let saints and angels praise thy name,
 Be thou thro' heav'n and earth ador'd.

HYMN 125. L. M.

- 1 DEAD be my heart to all below,
 To mortal joys and mortal cares;
 To sensual bliss that charms us so,
 Be dark mine eyes and deaf mine ears.
- 2 Come, heav'n, and fill my vast desires,
 My soul pursues the sov'reign good:
 She was all made of heav'nly fires,
 Nor can she live on meaner food.

HYMN 126. L. M.

- 1 WHILE I to grief my soul gave way,
To see the work of God decline,
Methought I heard the Saviour say,
“Dismiss thy fears, the ark is mine.
- 2 “Though for a time I hid my face,
Rely upon my love and pow’r :
Still wrestle at the throne of grace,
And wait for a reviving hour.
- 3 “Take down thy long neglected harp,
I’ve seen thy tears, and heard thy prayer ;
The winter season has been sharp,
But spring shall all its wastes repair.”
- 4 Lord, I obey, my hopes revive,
Come join with me, ye saints, and sing ;
Our foes in vain against us strive,
For God will help and triumph bring.

HYMN 127. C. M.

- 1 O LORD, our languid souls inspire,
For here we trust thou art !
Send down a coal of heav’nly fire,
To warm each waiting heart.
- 2 Shew us some tokens of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise ;
And pour thy blessing from above,
That we may render praise.
- 3 Within these walls let holy praise,
And love and concord dwell :
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

- 4 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
 The humble mind bestow ;
 And shine upon us from on high,
 To make our graces grow.
- 5 May we in faith receive thy word,
 In faith present our pray'rs ;
 And in the presence of our Lord,
 Unbosom all our cares.
- 6 And may the gospel's joyful sound,
 Enforc'd by mighty grace,
 Induce dead sinners all around,
 To come and fill the place.

HYMN 128. L. M.

- 1 Now let our souls, on wings sublime,
 Rise from the vanities of time ;
 Draw back the parting veil, and see
 The glories of eternity.
- 2 Born by a new celestial birth,
 Why should we grovel here on earth ?
 Why grasp at transitory toys,
 So near to heav'n's eternal joys ?
- 3 To dwell with God, to feel his love,
 Is the full heav'n enjoy'd above ;
 And the sweet expectation now,
 Is the young dawn of heav'n below.

HYMN 129. C. M.

- 1 To-day attend, is wisdom's voice,
 To-morrow, folly cries :
 And still to-morrow 'tis, when, Oh !
 To-day the sinner dies.

- 2 When conscience speaks, its voice regard,
And seize the tender hour ;
Humbly implore the promis'd grace,
And God will give the pow'r.

HYMN 130. L. M.

- 1 REMEMBER us, we pray thee, Lord,
With those who love thy gracious name ;
And to our souls that good afford,
Thy promise has prepar'd for them.
- 2 To us thy great salvation show,
Give us a taste of love divine ;
That we thy people's joy may know,
And in their holy triumph join.

HYMN 131. C. M.

- 1 YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast ;
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store,
For ev'ry humble guest.
- 2 See, Jesus stands with open arms ;
He calls, he bids you come ;
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms ;
But see, there yet is room.
- 3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart ;
There love and pity meet ;
Nor will he bid the soul depart,
That trembles at his feet.
- 4 In him the Father reconcil'd,
Invites your souls to come ;
The rebel shall be call'd a child,
And kindly welcom'd home.

- 5 Oh, come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love ;
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.
- 6 There, with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstasies unknown.
- 7 And yet ten thousand thousand more,
Are welcome still to come ;
Ye longing souls, the grace adore,
Approach, there yet is room.

HYMN 132. L. M.

- 1 OFT as the bell, with solemn toll,
Speaks the departure of a soul,
Let each one ask himself, " Am I
Prepar'd, should I be call'd to die ?"
- 2 Only this frail and fleeting breath
Preserves me from the jaws of death ;
Soon as it fails, at once I'm gone,
And plung'd into a world unknown.
- 3 Then, leaving all I lov'd below,
'To God's tribunal I must go ;
Must hear the Judge pronounce my fate,
And fix my everlasting state.
- 4 Lord Jesus ! help me now to flee,
And seek my hope alone in thee ;
Apply thy blood, thy spirit give,
Subdue my sins, and let me live.

- 5 Then when the solemn bell I hear,
 If sav'd from guilt, I need not fear ;
 Nor would the thought distressing be,
 Perhaps it next may toll for me.

HYMN 133. S. M.

- 1 ASTONISH'D and distress'd,
 I turn mine eyes within ;
 My heart with loads of guilt oppress'd,
 The seat of every sin.
- 2 What crowds of evil thoughts,
 What vile affections there !
 Distrust, presumption, artful guile,
 Pride, envy, slavish fear.
- 3 Almighty King of saints,
 These tyrant lusts subdue ;
 Expel the darkness of my mind,
 And all my powers renew.
- 4 This done, my cheerful voice
 Shall loud hosannas raise ;
 My soul shall glow with gratitude,
 My lips proclaim thy praise.

HYMN 134. C. M.

- 1 OH, if my soul was form'd for wo,
 How would I vent my sighs !
 Repentance should like rivers flow,
 From both my streaming eyes.
- 2 'Twas for my sins, my dearest Lord
 Hung on the cursed tree,
 And groan'd away a dying life
 For thee, my soul, for thee.

- 3 Oh ! how I hate those lusts of mine
 That crucifi'd my God ;
 Those sins that pierc'd and nail'd his flesh
 Fast to the fatal wood.
- 4 Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die ;
 My heart has so decreed ;
 Nor will I spare the guilty things
 That made my Saviour bleed.
- 5 Whilst, with a melting, broken heart,
 My murder'd Lord I view,
 I'll raise revenge against my sins,
 And slay the murd'ers too.

HYMN 135. C. M.

- 1 EARTH has engross'd my love too long,
 'Tis time I lift my eyes
 Upward, dear Father, to thy throne,
 And to my native skies.
- 2 There the blest man, my Saviour, sits ;
 The God how bright he shines !
 And scatters infinite delights,
 On all the happy minds.
- 3 Seraphs with elevated strains,
 Circle the throne around ;
 And move, and charm the starry plains,
 With an immortal sound.
- 4 Jesus, the Lord, their harps employs ;
 Jesus, my love, they sing ;
 Jesus the life of both our joys,
 Sounds sweet from ev'ry string.

- 5 Now let me mount and join their song,
And be an angel too :
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
Here's joyful work for you.
- 6 I would begin the music here,
And so my soul should rise ;
Oh, for some heav'nly notes to bear
My passions to the skies !
- 7 There ye that love my Saviour, sit ;
There I would have a place,
Among your thrones, or at your feet,
So I might see his face.

HYMN 136. L. M.

- 1 RETURN, my roving heart, return,
And chase these shadowy forms no more ;
Seek out some solitude to mourn,
And thy forsaken God implore.
- 2 And thou, my God, whose piercing eye
Distinct surveys each deep recess,
In these abstracted hours draw nigh,
And with thy presence fill the place.
- 3 Through the recesses of my heart,
My search let heav'nly wisdom guide,
And still its radiant beams impart,
'Till all be search'd and purify'd.
- 4 Then with the visits of thy love,
Vouchsafe my inmost soul to cheer ;
'Till ev'ry grace shall join to prove,
That God hath fix'd his dwelling there.

HYMN 137. S. M.

- 1 THE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear,
Oh, may I ever keep in mind,
The night of death draws near.
- 2 I lay my garments by,
Upon my bed to rest ;
So death will soon remove me hence,
And leave my soul undrest.
- 3 Lord, keep me safe this night,
Secure from all my fears ;
May angels guard me while I sleep,
Till morning light appears.
- 4 And when I early rise,
To view th' unwearied sun,
May I set out to win the prize,
And after glory run :
- 5 That when my days are past,
And I from time remove,
Lord, I may in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

HYMN 138. L. M.

- 1 WAIT, O my soul, thy Maker's will !
Tumultuous passions, all be still !
Nor let a murm'ring thought arise,
His ways are just, his counsels wise.
- 2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,
Performs his work, the cause conceals ;
But tho' his methods are unknown,
Judgment and truth support his throne.

3 In heav'n and earth and air and seas,
He executes his firm decrees ;
And by his saints it stands confest,
That what he does is ever best.

4 Wait then, my soul, submissive wait,
Prostrate before his awful seat :
And 'midst the terrors of his rod,
'Trust in a wise and gracious God.

HYMN 139. L. M.

1 WHEREWITH, O Lord, shall I draw near,
Or bow myself before thy face ?
How in thy purer eyes appear ?
What shall I bring to gain thy grace ?

2 Will gifts delight the Lord most high ?
Will multiply'd oblations please ?
Thousands of rams his favour buy,
Or slaughter'd hecatombs appease ?

3 Can these assuage the wrath of God ?
Can these wash out my guilty stain ?
Rivers of oil, or seas of blood,
Alas ! they all must flow in vain.

4 Guilty I stand before thy face ;
My soul's desert is hell and wrath ;
'Twere just the sentence should take place ;
But Oh, I plead my Saviour's death !

5 I plead the merits of thy Son,
Who dy'd for sinners on the tree ;
I plead his righteousness alone,
Oh, put the spotless robe on me.

HYMN 140. C. M.

- 1 GRANT, Lord, I may delight in thee,
And on thy care depend ;
To thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only friend.
- 2 When all created streams are dry'd,
Thy fulness is the same ;
May I with this be satisfi'd,
And glory in thy name !
- 3 Why should the soul a drop bemoan,
Who has a fountain near,
A fountain which will ever run,
With waters sweet and clear ?
- 4 No good in creatures can be found,
But all is found in thee ;
I must be blessed and abound,
While thou art God to me.
- 5 O Lord, I cast my care on thee,
I triumph and adore ;
Henceforth my great concern shall be,
To love and please thee more.

HYMN 141. C. M.

- 1 DEATH ! 'tis a melancholy day
To those that have no God,
When the poor soul is forc'd away,
To seek her last abode.
- 2 In vain to heaven she lifts her eyes :
But guilt, a heavy chain,
Still drags her downward from the skies,
To darkness, fire, and pain.

- 3 Awake, and mourn, ye heirs of hell,
 Let stubborn sinners fear :
 You must be driv'n from earth, and dwell
 A long FOREVER there !
- 4 See how the pit gapes wide for you,
 And flashes in your face :
 And thou, my soul, look downward too,
 And sing recov'ring grace.
- 5 Prepare me, Lord, for thy right hand,
 Then come, the joyful day :
 Come, death, and some celestial band.
 To bear my soul away.

HYMN 142. C. M.

- 1 Good God, on what a slender thread
 Hang everlasting things !
 Th' eternal states of all the dead
 Upon life's feeble strings !
- 2 Infinite joy, or endless wo,
 Attends on every breath ;
 And yet how unconcern'd we go,
 Upon the brink of death !
- 3 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense
 To walk this dang'rous road ;
 And if our souls are hurried hence,
 May they be found with God.

HYMN 143. C. M.

- 1 WHEN I can read my title clear
 To mansions in the skies,
 I bid farewell to every fear,
 And wipe my weeping eyes.

- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
 And hellish darts be hurl'd,
 Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
 And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
 And storms of sorrow fall ;
 May I but safely reach my home,
 My God, my heaven, my all :
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
 In seas of heavenly rest ;
 And not a wave of trouble roll
 Across my peaceful breast.

HYMN 144. C. M.

- 1 HENCE from my soul, sad thoughts begone,
 And leave me to my joys ;
 My tongue shall triumph in my God,
 And make a joyful noise.
- 2 Darkness and doubts had veil'd my mind,
 And drown'd my head in tears,
 Till sovereign grace, with shining rays,
 Dispell'd my gloomy fears.
- 3 Oh ! what immortal joys I felt,
 And raptures all divine—
 When Jesus told me—*I was his,*
And my beloved mine.
- 4 In vain the tempter frights my soul,
 And breaks my peace in vain ;
 One glimpse, dear Saviour, of thy face,
 Revives my joys again.

HYMN 145. S. M.

- 1 Is this the kind return,
And these the thanks we owe,
Thus to abuse eternal love,
Whence all our blessings flow !
- 2 To what a stubborn frame
Has sin reduc'd our mind !
What strange rebellious wretches we,
And God as strangely kind !
- 3 Turn, turn us, mighty God,
And mould our souls afresh ; [stone,
Break, sovereign grace, these hearts of
And give us hearts of flesh.
- 4 Let past ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes ;
And hourly, as new mercies fall,
Let hourly thanks arise.

HYMN 146. C. M.

- 1 PLUNG'D in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope.
Or spark of glimm'ring day.
- 2 With pitying eyes, the Prince of Grace
Beheld our helpless grief ;
He saw—and (O amazing love !)
He ran to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste he fled,
Enter'd the grave, in mortal flesh.
And dwelt among the dead.

- 4 Oh! for this love, let rocks and hills
 Their lasting silence break,
 And all harmonious human tongues
 The Saviour's praises speak.

HYMN 147. C. M.

- 1 SALVATION! oh, the joyful sound!
 'Tis pleasure to our ears:
 A sovereign balm for every wound,
 A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Bury'd in sorrow, and in sin,
 At hell's dark door we lay;
 But we arise by grace divine
 To see a heavenly day.
- 3 Salvation! let the echo fly
 The spacious earth around,
 While all the armies of the sky
 Conspire to raise the sound.

HYMN 148. C. M.

- 1 How sad our state by nature is!
 Our sin, how deep it stains!
 And Satan binds our captive minds
 Fast in his slavish chains.
- 2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace
 Sounds from the sacred word;
Ho! ye despairing sinners come,
And trust upon the Lord.
- 3 My soul obeys th' Almighty call,
 And runs to this relief;
 I would believe thy promise, Lord;
 Oh! help mine unbelief.

- 4 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
 On thy kind arms I fall ;
 Be thou my strength and righteousness,
 My Jesus, and my all.

HYMN 149. C. M.

- 1 My heart, how dreadful hard it is !
 How heavy here it lies ;
 Heavy and cold within my breast,
 Just like a rock of ice !
- 2 Sin, like a raging tyrant, sits
 Upon his flinty throne ;
 And every grace lies bury'd deep,
 Beneath this heart of stone.
- 3 How seldom do I rise to God,
 Or taste the joys above !
 This mountain presses down my faith,
 And chills my flaming love.
- 4 Dear Saviour, steep this rock of mine
 In thine own crimson sea !
 None but a bath of blood divine
 Can melt the flint away.

HYMN 150. C. M.

- 1 AND are we wretches yet alive ?
 And do we yet rebel ?
 'Tis boundless, 'tis amazing love,
 That bears us up from hell !
- 2 The burden of our weighty guilt
 Would sink us down to flames ;
 And threat'ning vengeance rolls above,
 To crush our feeble frames.

- 3 Almighty goodness cries, *forbear !*
 And straight the thunder stays :
 And dare we now provoke his wrath,
 And weary out his grace ?
- 4 Lord, we have long abus'd thy love,
 Too long indulg'd our sin ;
 Our aching hearts e'en bleed to see
 What rebels we have been.

HYMN 151. C. M.

- 1 THAT awful day will surely come,
 Th' appointed hour makes haste,
 When I must stand before my Judge,
 And pass the solemn test.
- 2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,
 Thou Sovereign of my heart,
 How could I bear to hear thy voice
 Pronounce the sound, *depart !*
- 3 The thunder of that dismal word
 Would so torment my ear,
 'Twould tear my soul asunder, Lord,
 With most tormenting fear.
- 4 What, to be banish'd from my life,
 And yet forbid to die !
 To linger in eternal pain,
 Yet death forever fly !
- 5 Oh ! wretched state of deep despair,
 To see my God remove,
 And fix my doleful station where
 I must not taste his love !

- 6 Oh ! tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands ;
Shew me some promise, in thy book,
Where my salvation stands.

HYMN 152. C. M.

- 1 How can I sink with such a prop
As my eternal God,
Who bears the earth's huge pillars up,
And spreads the heavens abroad ?
- 2 How can I die while Jesus lives
Who rose, and left the dead ?
Pardon and grace my soul receives
From mine exalted Head.
- 3 All that I am, and all I have,
Shall be forever thine ;
Whate'er my duty bids me give,
My cheerful hands resign.
- 4 Yet, if I might make some reserve,
And duty did not call,
I love my God with zeal so great,
That I should give him all.

HYMN 153. C. M.

- 1 LADEN with guilt, and full of fears.
I fly to thee, my Lord ;
And not a glimpse of hope appears
* But in thy written word.
- 2 The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my grief assuage ;
Here I behold my Saviour's face,
Almost in every page.

- 3 This is the field where hidden lies
 The pearl of price unknown ;
 That merchant is divinely wise,
 Who makes this pearl his own.
- 4 Here consecrated water flows,
 To quench my thirst of sin ;
 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows ;
 No danger dwells therein.
- 5 This is the judge who ends the strife,
 Where wit and reason fail ;
 My guide to everlasting life,
 Through all this gloomy vale.
- 6 Oh, may thy counsels, mighty God,
 My roving feet command ;
 Nor I forsake the happy road
 That leads to thy right hand !

HYMN 154. Eights and Sevens.

- 1 LOVE divine, all loves excelling,
 Joy of heav'n to earth come down !
 Fix in us thy humble dwelling ;
 All thy faithful mercies crown.
 Jesus, thou art all compassion,
 Pure, unbounded love thou art ;
 Visit us with thy salvation,
 Enter ev'ry trembling heart.
- 2 Breathe, Oh, breathe thy loving spirit
 Into ev'ry troubled breast :
 Let us all in thee inherit,
 Let us find thy promis'd rest ;
 Take away the love of sinning,
 Take our load of guilt away ;

End the work of thy beginning,
Bring us to eternal day.

- 3 Carry on thy new creation,
Pure and holy may we be ;
Let us see our whole salvation,
Perfectly secur'd by thee ;
Change from glory into glory,
'Till in heav'n we take our place ;
'Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

HYMN 155. L. M.

- 1 As showers on meadows newly mown,
Jesus shall shed his blessings down,
Crown'd with whose life infusing drops,
Earth shall renew her blissful crops.
- 2 Lands that beneath a burning sky
Have long been desolate and dry,
Th' effusions of his love shall share,
And sudden greens and herbage wear.
- 3 The dews and rains in all their store,
Drenching the pastures o'er and o'er,
Are not so copious as that grace
Which sanctifies and saves our race.
- 4 As when in silence, vernal showers
Descend and cheer the fainting flowers,
So in the secrecy of love,
Falls the sweet influence from above.
- 5 That heavenly influence let me find
In holy silence of the mind,
While every grace maintains its bloom.
Diffusing wide its rich perfume.

HYMN 156. C. M.

- 1 WHY should a living man complain
Of deep distress within,
Since every sigh, and every pain
Is but the fruit of sin ?
- 2 No, Lord, I'll patiently submit,
Nor ever dare rebel ;
Yet sure I may, here at thy feet,
My painful feelings tell.
- 3 Thou seest what floods of sorrow rise,
And beat upon my soul :
One trouble to another cries,
Billows on billows roll.
- 4 From fear to hope, and hope to fear,
My shipwreck'd soul is tost ;
'Till I am tempted in despair
To give up all for lost.
- 5 Yet through the stormy clouds I'll look
Once more to thee, my God :
O fix my feet upon a rock,
Beyond the gaping flood.
- 6 One look of mercy from thy face,
Will set my heart at ease ;
One all-commanding word of grace,
Will make the tempest cease.

HYMN 157. C. M.

- 1 UNITE, my roving thoughts, unite
In silence soft and sweet ;
And thou, my soul, sit gently down
At thy great Sovereign's feet.

- 2 Jehovah's awful voice is heard,
 Yet gladly I attend ;
 For lo ! the everlasting God
 Proclaims himself my friend.
- 3 Harmonious accents to my soul
 The sounds of peace convey ;
 The tempest at his word subsides,
 And winds and seas obey.
- 4 By all its joys, I charge my heart,
 To grieve his love no more ;
 But, charm'd by melody divine,
 To give its follies o'er.

HYMN 158. C. M.

- 1 YE hearts, with youthful vigour warm,
 In smiling crowds draw near,
 And turn from every mortal charm,
 A Saviour's voice to hear.
- 2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
 Stoops to converse with you ;
 And lays his radiant glories by,
 Your friendship to pursue.
- 3 " The soul, that longs to see my face,
 Is sure my love to gain ;
 And those that early seek my grace,
 Shall never seek in vain."
- 4 What object, Lord, my soul should move,
 If once compar'd with thee ?
 What beauty should command my love,
 Like what in Christ I see ?

- 5 Away, ye false delusive toys,
 Vain tempters of the mind !
 'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
 For here true bliss I find.

HYMN 159. C. M.

- 1 ON Jordan's rugged banks I stand,
 And cast a wishful eye,
 To Canaan's fair and happy land,
 Where my possessions lie.
- 2 O'er all those wide extended plains
 Shines one eternal day :
 There God, the sun, for ever reigns,
 And scatters night away.
- 3 When shall I reach that happy place,
 And be for ever blest ?
 When shall I see my Father's face,
 And in his bosom rest ?

HYMN 160. L. M.

- 1 MY God, my King, thy various praise
 Shall fill the remnant of my days ;
 Thy grace employ my humble tongue
 'Till death and glory raise the song.
- 2 The wings of every hour shall bear
 Some thankful tribute to thine ear ;
 And every setting sun shall see
 New works of duty done for thee.
- 3 But who can speak thy wond'rous deeds ?
 Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds ;
 Vast and unsearchable thy ways ;
 Vast and immortal be thy praise.

HYMN 161. 'C. M.

- 1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds,
In a believer's ear !
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast ;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

HYMN 162. C. M.

- 1 SINNERS, the voice of God regard ;
'Tis mercy speaks to-day ;
He calls you by his sov'reign word,
From sin's destructive way.
- 2 Like the rough sea, that cannot rest,
You live devoid of peace ;
A thousand stings, within your breast,
Deprive your souls of ease.
- 3 Your way is dark, and leads to hell ;
Why will you persevere ?
Can you in endless torment dwell,
Shut up in black despair ?

HYMN 163. L. M.

- 1 WHERE is my God ? does he retire
Beyond the reach of humble sighs ?
Are these weak breathings of desire
Too languid to ascend the skies ?
- 2 Look up, my soul, with cheerful eye,
See where the great Redeemer stands ;
The glorious Advocate on high ;
With precious incense in his hands.

- 3 He sweetens ev'ry humble groan,
 He recommends each broken prayer ;
 Recline thy hope on him alone,
 Whose pow'r and love forbid despair.

HYMN 164. L. M.

- 1 WHAT various hindrances we meet
 In coming to a mercy-seat !
 Yet who, that knows the worth of prayer,
 But wishes to be often there ?
- 2 Prayer makes the darken'd cloud withdraw ;
 Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw—
 Gives exercise to faith and love—
 Brings ev'ry blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight ;
 Prayer makes the christian's armour bright ;
 And satan trembles, when he sees
 The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 Were half the breath that's vainly spent,
 To heav'n in supplication sent—
 Our cheerful song would oftner be,
 " Hear what the Lord has done for me !"

HYMN 165. L. M.

- 1 THIS wretched heart will still backslide ;
 O what deceit is treasur'd here !
 'Tis full of vanity and pride ;
 What fruits of unbelief appear !
- 2 My base ingratitude I mourn,
 My stubborn will, my earthly mind ;
 My thoughts how vain,—to rove how prone :
 To every evil how inclin'd !

- 3 Who can, amongst the sons of men,
Find out the vileness of my heart ?
None can the depths of guilt explain,
'Tis all corrupt through every part.
- 4 To Jesus, then, I'll make my moan,
O cleanse this filthy sink of sin !
Jesus, thou canst, and thou alone ;
O condescend to make me clean.

HYMN 166. L. M.

- 1 ETERNAL life ! how sweet the sound
To sinners, who deserve to die !
Proclaim the bliss the world around,
And shout the joys, ye worlds, on high.
- 2 Eternal life ! how will it reign,
When, mounting from this breathless clod.
The soul discharg'd from sin and pain,
Ascends t' enjoy its Father, God !
- 3 Eternal life ! O how refin'd
The joy ! the triumph how divine !
When saints in body, and in mind,
Shall in the Saviour's image shine !
- 4 Holy and heav'nly be that soul,
Where dwells an hope so high as this ;
How should we long to reach the goal,
And seize the prize of endless bliss !

HYMN 167. P. M.

- 1 Lo ! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Yet how insensible !

A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to yon heav'nly place,
Or—shuts me up in hell.

- 2 Before me place, in bright array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar :
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
To meet a joyful doom ?

HYMN 168. S. M.

- 1 THE Lord, who truly knows
The heart of ev'ry saint,
Invites us by his holy word,
To pray and never faint.
- 2 He bows his gracious ear !
We never plead in vain ;
Yet we must wait till he appear,
And pray, and pray again.
- 3 Tho' unbelief suggest,
Why should we longer wait ?
He bids us never give him rest ;
But be importunate.
- 4 'Twas thus a widow poor,
Without support or friend.
Beset the unjust judge's door,
And gain'd at last her end.
- 5 And shall not Jesus hear
His chosen when they cry ?
Yes ; tho' he may a while forbear,
He'll not their suit deny.

- 6 Then let us earnest be,
 And never faint in prayer ;
 He loves our importunity,
 And makes our cause his care.

HYMN 169. C. M.

- 1 THE King of heav'n his table spreads,
 And blessings crown the board ;
 Not paradise, with all its joys,
 Could such delight afford.
- 2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
 And endless life are giv'n ;
 'Thro' the rich blood that Jesus shed,
 To raise our souls to heav'n.
- 3 Ye hungry poor, that long have stray'd
 In sin's dark mazes, come ;
 Come, from your most obscure retreats,
 And grace shall find you room.
- 4 Millions of souls, in glory now,
 Were fed and feasted here ;
 And millions more still on the way,
 Around the board appear.
- 5 All things are ready, come away,
 Nor weak excuses frame ;
 Crowd to your places at the feast,
 And bless the Founder's name.

HYMN 170. P. M.

- 1 YE sin-sick souls draw near,
 And banquet with your King,
 His royal bounty share,
 And loud hosannas sing :

Here mercy reigns, here peace abounds,
Here's blood to heal your dreadful wounds.

2 He's on a throne of grace,
And waits to answer prayer :
What tho' thy sin and guilt
Like crimson doth appear ;
The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all thy woes.

3 O wondrous love and grace !
Did Jesus die for me ?
Were all my num'rous debts
Discharg'd on Calvary ?
Yes, Jesus died—the work is done !
He did for all my sins atone.

4 On earth I'll sing his love,
In heav'n I too shall join
The ransom'd of the Lord,
In accents all divine ;
And see my Saviour face to face,
And ever dwell in his embrace.

HYMN 171. L. M.

1 WHEN Jesus dwelt in mortal clay,
What were his works from day to day,
But miracles of pow'r and grace,
That spread salvation thro' our race ?
2 Teach us, O Lord, to keep in view
Thy pattern, and thy steps pursue ;
Let alms bestow'd, let kindness done
Be witness'd by each rolling sun.
3 That man may breathe, but never *lives*,
Who much receives, but nothing gives,

Whom none can love, whom none can thank ;
Creation's blot, creation's blank :

- 4 But he who marks from day to day,
In gen'rous acts his radiant way,
Treads the same path his Saviour trod—
The path to glory and to God.

HYMN 172. C. M.

- 1 O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heav'nly frame ;
And light to shine upon the road,
That leads me to the Lamb !
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord ?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word ?
- 3 What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd !
How sweet their mem'ry still !
But now I find an aching void,
'The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove return,
Sweet messenger of rest !
I hate the sins, that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame ;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

HYMN 173. C. M.

- 1 YE humble souls approach your God
With songs of sacred praise,
For he is good, immensely good,
And kind are all his ways.
- 2 All nature owns his guardian care,
In him we live and move :
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.
- 3 He gave his Son, his only Son,
To ransom rebel worms ;
'Tis here he makes his goodness known
In its diviner forms.
- 4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come ;
'Tis here our hope relies ;
A safe defence, a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.

HYMN 174. C. M.

- 1 COME sinners, you whose harden'd hearts
No fears of hell can move,
Come hear the gospel's mildest voice,
That tells you, " God is love."
- 2 Thousands, once vile and base as you,
Surround the throne above ;
The grace that chang'd, has tun'd their hearts
To sing, that " God is love."
- 3 O may we all, while here below,
This best of blessings prove ;
Till warmer hearts, in brighter worlds.
Proclaim, that " God is love."

HYMN 175. L. M.

- 1 JESUS, my Lord, my soul's delight,
 For thee I long, for thee I pray ;
 Amid the shadows of the night,
 Amid the business of the day.
- 2 When shall I see thy smiling face—
 'That face which I have often seen ?
 Arise thou sun of righteousness,
 And burst the clouds that intervene.

HYMN 176. 8, 7, 4.

- 1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
 Pilgrim thro' this barren land ;
 I am weak, but thou art mighty—
 Hold me with thy pow'rful hand :
 Bread of heaven,
 Feed me 'till I want no more.
- 2 Open Lord the chrystal fountain,
 Whence the healing streams do flow :
 Let the fi'ry, cloudy pillar,
 Lead me all my journey thro' ;
 Strong deliv'rer !
 Be thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside ;
 Death of death, and hell's destruction,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side :
 Songs of praises
 I will ever give to thee.

HYMN 177. L. M.

- 1 WHEN sins and fears prevailing rise,
 And fainting hope almost expires,

Jesus, to thee I lift mine eyes—

To thee I breathe my soul's desires.

2 Art thou not mine, my living Lord?

And can my hope, my comfort die,
Fix'd on thy everlasting word—

That word which built the earth and sky

3 Here, O my soul, my trust repose;

If Jesus is for ever mine,
Not death itself, that last of foes,
Shall break a union so divine.

HYMN 178. L. M.

1 JESUS is all I wish or want;
For him I pray, I thirst, I pant;
Let others after earth aspire,
Christ is the treasure I desire.

2 Possess'd of him, I wish no more;
He is an all-sufficient store;
'To praise him all my pow'rs conspire;
Christ is the treasure I desire.

HYMN 179. L. M.

1 THOU only Sovereign of my heart,
My refuge, my Almighty Friend,
And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend?

2 Whither, ah! whither shall I go,
A wretched wanderer from my Lord?
Can this dark world of sin and woe
One glimpse of happiness afford?

- 3 Eternal life thy words impart,
 On these my fainting spirit lives ;
 Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart
 Than all the round of nature gives.
- 4 Let earth's alluring joys combine,
 As thou art near, in vain they call ;
 One smile, one blissful smile of thine,
 My dearest Lord, outweighs them all.
- 5 Low at thy feet my soul would lie,
 Here safety dwells, and peace divine ;
 Still let me live beneath thine eye,
 For life, eternal life, is thine.

HYMN 180. C. M.

- 1 LET every mortal ear attend,
 And every heart rejoice !
 The trumpet of the gospel sounds
 With an inviting voice :
- 2 “ Ho ! all ye hungry starving souls,
 That feed upon the wind,
 And vainly strive with earthly toys
 To fill an empty mind :
- 3 “ Eternal Wisdom has prepar'd
 A soul-reviving feast,
 And bids your longing appetites
 The rich provision taste.
- 4 “ Ho ! ye that pant for living streams,
 And pine away and die ;
 Here you may quench your raging thirst
 With springs that never dry.

- 5 " Rivers of love and mercy here
 In a rich ocean join ;
 Salvation in abundance flows,
 Like floods of milk and wine."

HYMN 181. C. M.

- 1 Now shall my inward joys arise,
 And burst into a song ;
 Almighty love inspires my heart
 And pleasure tunes my tongue.
- 2 God, on his thirsty Zion hill,
 Some mercy drops has thrown ;
 And solemn oaths have bound his love
 To shower salvation down.
- 3 Why do we then indulge our fears,
 Suspicions and complaints ?
 Is he a God, and shall his grace
 Grow weary of his saints ?

HYMN 182. C. M.

- 1 In all my Lord's appointed ways,
 My journey I'll pursue :
 Hinder me not, ye much-lov'd saints,
 For I must go with you.
- 2 Thro' floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
 I'll follow where he goes ;
 Hinder me not, shall be my cry,
 Tho' earth and hell oppose.
- 3 Thro' duty, and thro' trials too,
 I'll go at his command ;
 Hinder me not, for I am bound
 To my Immanuel's land.

- 4 And when my Saviour calls me home,
 Still this my cry shall be—
 Hinder me not—come welcome death—
 I'll gladly go with thee.

HYMN 183. C. M

- 1 Now in thy praise, eternal King,
 Be all my thoughts employ'd;
 While of this precious truth I sing,
 Cast down, but not destroy'd.
- 2 Oft the united pow'rs of hell
 My soul have sore annoy'd;
 And yet I live this truth to tell,
 Cast down, but not destroy'd.
- 3 In all the paths thro' which I've past.
 What mercies I've enjoy'd,
 And this shall be my song at last,
 Cast down, but not destroy'd.
- 4 When I with God in heav'n appear,
 There I shall him adore;
 Destroy'd shall be my sin and fear,
 And I cast down no more.

HYMN 184. L. M.

- 1 GREAT Lord of all thy churches, hear
 Thy ministers' and people's pray'r;
 Perfum'd by thee, O may it rise
 Like fragrant incense to the skies.
- 2 Revive thy churches with thy grace,
 Heal all our breaches, grant us peace;
 Rouse us from sloth, our hearts inflame
 With ardent zeal for Jesus' name.

- 3 Thus we our suppliant voices raise,
And weeping, sow the seed of praise,
In humble hope that thou wilt hear
Thy ministers' and people's pray'r.

HYMN 185. C. M.

- 1 FIRM as the earth thy gospel stands,
My Lord, my hope, my trust ;
If I am found in Jesus' hands,
My soul can ne'er be lost.
- 2 His honor is engag'd to save
The meanest of his sheep ;
All that his heavenly Father gave
His hands securely keep.
- 3 Nor death, nor hell, shall e'er remove
His favourites from his breast ;
In the dear bosom of his love
They must forever rest.

HYMN 186. C. M.

- 1 GIVE me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How great their glories be !
- 2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears ;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.
- 3 I ask them whence their vict'ry came ?
'They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb ;
Their triumph to his death.

HYMN 187. C. M.

- 1 DEAREST of all the names above,
My Jesus, and my God !
Who can resist thy heavenly love.
Or trifle with thy blood ?
- 2 'Tis by the merits of thy death
The Father smiles again ;
'Tis by thine interceding breath
The Spirit dwells with men.
- 3 Till God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find ;
The holy, just, and sacred Three
Are terrors to my mind.
- 4 But if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy begins ;
His name forbids my slavish fear,
His grace removes my sins.
- 5 While Jews on their own law rely,
And Greeks of wisdom boast,
I love th' incarnate mystery,
And there I fix my trust.

HYMN 188. L. M.

- 1 BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there :
But wisdom shews a narrow path,
With here and there a traveller.
- 2 " Deny thyself, and take thy cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command :
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land.

- 3 The fearful soul, that tires and faints,
 And walks the ways of God no more,
 Is but esteem'd *almost* a saint,
 And makes his own destruction sure.
- 4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain ;
 Create my heart entirely new :
 Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
 Which false apostates never knew.

HYMN 189. C. M.

- 1 How condescending and how kind
 Was God's eternal Son !
 Our misery reach'd his heavenly mind,
 And pity brought him down.
- 2 He sunk beneath our heavy woes,
 To raise us to his throne :
 There's ne'er a gift his hand bestows,
 But cost his heart a groan.
- 3 This was compassion, like a God,
 That when the Saviour knew
 The price of pardon was his blood,
 His pity ne'er withdrew.
- 4 Now, though he reigns exalted high.
 His love is still as great ;
 Well he remembers Calvary ;
 Nor let his saints forget.
- 5 Here let our hearts begin to melt,
 While we his death record,
 And, with our joy for pardon'd guilt.
 Mourn that we pierc'd the Lord.

HYMN 190. C. M.

- 1 How sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores !
- 2 Here every bowel of our God
With soft compassion rolls ;
Here peace and pardon, bought with blood,
Is food for dying souls.
- 3 While all our hearts and all our songs
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cry, with thankful tongues,
“ Lord, why was I a guest ?
- 4 “ Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there's room,
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come ?”
- 5 'Twas the same love that spread the feast,
That sweetly forc'd us in :
Else we had still refus'd to taste,
And perish'd in our sin.
- 6 Pity the nations, O our God !
Constrain the earth to come ;
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.
- 7 We long to see thy churches full,
That all the chosen race
May with one voice, and heart, and soul,
Sing thy redeeming grace.

HYMN 191. C. M.

- 1 KEEP silence all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod :
My soul stands trembling, while she sings
The honours of her God.
- 2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown
Hang on his firm decree :
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave *to be*.
- 3 Chain'd to his throne, a volume lies,
With all the fates of men,
With ev'ry angel's form and size,
Drawn by th' eternal pen.
- 4 His providence unfolds the book,
And makes his counsels shine ;
Each op'ning leaf, and ev'ry stroke
Fulfil some deep design.
- 5 Here, he exalts neglected worms
To sceptres and a crown ;
And there, the following page he turns,
And treads the monarch down.
- 6 Not Gabriel asks the reason why,
Nor God the reason gives ;
Nor dares the favourite angel pry
Between the folded leaves.
- 7 My God, I would not long to see
My fate with curious eyes,
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes may rise.

- 3 In thy fair book of life and grace,
 O may I find my name,
 Recorded in some humble place,
 Beneath my Lord the lamb !

HYMN 192. C. M.

- 1 God moves in a mysterious way,
 His wonders to perform ;
 He plants his footsteps in the sea,
 And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
 Of never-failing skill,
 He treasures up his bright designs,
 And works his sov'reign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
 The clouds ye so much dread
 Abound with mercy, and shall break
 In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
 But trust him for his grace ;
 Behind a frowning providence,
 He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
 Unfolding every hour ;
 The bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err
 And scan his work in vain ;
 God is his own interpreter,
 And he will make it plain.

HYMN 193. L. M.

- 1 FORGIVENESS ! 'tis a joyful sound
To malefactors doom'd to die ;
Publish the bliss the world around ;
Ye seraphs, shout it from the sky !
- 2 'Tis the rich gift of love divine ;
'Tis full, out measuring every crime ;
Unclouded shall its glories shine,
And feel no change, by changing time.
- 3 O'er sins unnumber'd as the sand,
And like the mountains for their size,
The seas of sovereign grace expand,
The seas of sovereign grace arise.
- 4 For this stupendous love of heaven
What grateful honours shall we show ?
Where much transgression is forgiven,
Let love in equal ardour glow.

HYMN 194. S. M.

- 1 My sorrows like a flood,
Impatient of restraint,
Into thy bosom, O my God,
Pour out a long complaint.
- 2 This impious heart of mine
Could once defy the Lord,
Could rush with violence on to sin,
In presence of thy sword.
- 3 How often have I stood
A rebel to the skies,
And yet, and yet, (O matchless grace !)
Thy thunder silent lies.

- 4 O shall I never feel
 The meltings of thy love ?
 Am I of such hell-harden'd steel
 That mercy cannot move ?
- 5 O'ercome by dying love,
 Here at thy cross I lie ;
 And throw my flesh, my soul, my all,
 And weep, and love, and die.

HYMN 195. L. M.

- 1 HE lives, the great Redeemer lives,
 (What joy the blest assurance gives !)
 And now before his father God,
 Presents the merit of his blood.
- 2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
 And justice arm'd with frowns appears :
 But in the Saviour's lovely face
 Sweet mercy smiles and all is peace.
- 3 Hence then, ye black despairing thoughts.
 Above our fears, above our faults
 His powerful intercessions rise,
 And guilt removes, and terror dies.
- 4 In every dark distressful hour,
 When sin and satan join their power :
 Let this dear hope repel the dart,
 That Jesus bears us on his heart.
- 5 Great Advocate, Almighty Friend—
 On him our humble hopes depend ;
 Our cause can never, never fail,
 For Jesus pleads and must prevail.

HYMN 196. C. M.

- 1 My times of sorrow and of joy,
Great God, are in thy hand ;
My choicest comforts come from thee,
And go at thy command.
- 2 If thou shouldst take them all away,
Yet would I not repine ;
Before they were possess'd by me,
They were entirely thine.
- 3 Nor would I drop a murmuring word,
Though the whole world were gone,
But seek enduring happiness
In thee, and thee alone.
- 4 What is the world with all its store ?
'Tis but a bitter-sweet ;
When I attempt to pluck the rose,
A piercing thorn I meet.
- 5 Here perfect bliss can ne'er be found,
The honey's mix'd with gall ;
'Midst changing scenes and dying friends.
Be thou my all in all.

HYMN 197. L. M.

- 1 ALAS ! the deep deceit and sin,
Which in my filthy heart reside !
A fruitful source of ills within !
And oft they turn my feet aside.
- 2 When I remember I am bought
By the Redeemer's precious blood,
I humbly hope, (how sweet the thought,)
That I shall stray no more from God.

- 3 But O, this heart ! this wretched heart :
 (Amaz'd, asham'd I am to tell)
 Consents to act a traitor's part ;
 From day to day it joins with hell.
- 4 O precious Christ ! my Saviour God !
 I would not live thus false to thee ;
 Behold the purchase of thy blood,
 And from the tempter set me free.

HYMN 198. C. M.

- 1 WITH tears of anguish I lament,
 Here at thy feet, my God,
 My passion, pride, and discontent,
 And vile ingratitude.
- 2 Sure there was ne'er a heart so base
 So false as mine has been ;
 So faithless to its promises,
 So prone to every sin !
- 3 My reason tells me thy commands
 Are holy, just, and true ;
 Tells me whate'er my God demands
 Is his most righteous due.
- 4 Reason I hear, her counsels weigh,
 And all her words approve :
 But still I find it hard t' obey,
 And harder yet to love.
- 5 How long, dear Saviour, shall I feel
 These struggles in my breast ?
 When wilt thou bow thy stubborn will,
 And give my conscience rest ?

- 6 Break, sov'reign grace, O break the charm.
 And set the captive free :
 Reveal, Almighty God, thine arm,
 And haste to rescue me.

HYMN 199. 8, 7.

- 1 HEARTS of stone relent, relent ;
 Break, by Jesus' cross subdu'd :
 See his body mangled, rent,
 Cover'd with a gore of blood :
 Sinful soul, what hast thou done !
 Murder'd God's eternal Son !
- 2 Yes, your sins have done the deed ;
 Drove the nails, and fix'd him there ;
 Crown'd with thorns his sacred head,
 Pierc'd him with a soldier's spear ;
 Made his soul a sacrifice ;
 For lost sinners Jesus dies.
- 3 Can his off'ring be in vain ?
 No ; a cov'nant-keeping God,
 Says that " he shall see his seed"—
 All the purchase of his blood :
 Lord with sin and self we part ;
 Saviour take each broken heart.

HYMN 200. 7s.

- 1 BRETHREN, while we sojourn here,
 Fight we must, but should not fear :
 Foes we have, but we've a Friend.
 One that loves us to the end.
 Forward then with courage go,
 Long we shall not dwell below ;

Soon the joyful news will come,
 "Child, your Father calls—come home."

2 In the way a thousand snares
 Lie, to take us unawares ;
 Satan, with malicious art,
 Watches each unguarded part :
 But, from Satan's malice free,
 Saints shall soon victorious be ;
 Soon the joyful news will come,
 "Child, your Father calls—come home."

3 But, of all the foes we meet,
 None so oft mislead our feet ;
 None betray us into sin,
 Like the foes that dwell within.
 Yet let nothing spoil your peace,
 Christ will also conquer these ;
 Then the joyful news will come,
 "Child, your Father calls—come home."

HYMN 201. L. M.

1 WHAT strange perplexities arise ?
 What anxious fears and jealousies ?
 What crowds in doubtful light appear ?
 How few, alas, approv'd and clear !

2 And what am I ?—My soul, awake,
 And an impartial survey take ;
 Does no dark sign, no ground of fear,
 In practice or in heart appear ?

3 What image does my spirit bear ?
 Is Jesus form'd and living there ?
 Say, do his lineaments divine
 In thought, and word, and action shine ?

- 4 Searcher of hearts, O search me still ;
 The secrets of my soul reveal ;
 My fears remove ; let me appear
 To God and my own conscience clear.

HYMN 202. 8, 6.

- 1 WHAT sound is this salutes mine ear ;
 Methinks 'tis Jubal's trump I hear,
 Long look'd for, now is come ;
 It shakes the heavens, the earth, the sea,
 Proclaims the year of Jubilee ;
 Return ye exiles home.
- 2 Arise, ye nations, and come forth,
 From east and west, from south and north,
 Behold the Judge is come !
 What horrors fill the trembling breast,
 Compell'd to stand the solemn test,
 And hear the final doom !
- 3 Depart, ye cursed, down to hell,
 With howling fiends for ever dwell,
 No more you'll see my face ;
 My precious gospel you've withstood,
 You've set at nought my precious blood,
 And scoff'd at sovereign grace.
- 4 See ! parents and their children part :—
 Some shout for joy, some bleed in heart,
 Never to meet again ;
 In fiery chariots Zion flies,
 And quickly gains the upper skies,
 On Canaan's happy plain.

HYMN 203. L. M.

- 1 COME, dearest-Lord, and bless this day,
Come bear my thoughts from earth away :
Now let our noblest passions rise
With ardour to their native skies.
- 2 Come, holy Spirit, all divine,
With rays of light upon us shine ;
And let our waiting souls be blest
On this sweet day of sacred rest.
- 3 Then when our sabbaths here are o'er,
And we arrive on Canaan's shore,
With all the ransom'd we shall spend
A sabbath which shall never end.

HYMN 204. P. M.

- 1 LET thy kingdom, blessed Saviour,
Come, and bid our jarring cease ;
Come, O come and reign for ever,
God of love and Prince of Peace ;
Visit now thy needy Zion,
See thy people mourn and weep ;
Day and night thy lambs are crying ;
Come good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.
- 2 Lord in us there is no merit,
We've been sinners from our youth ;
Guide us by thy Holy Spirit
Into all revealed truth ;
On thy word of grace we'll venture,
Till in death's cold arms we sleep,
Love's our banner, Christ's our leader ;
Come good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

HYMN 205. 8, 7, 4.

- 1 SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation,
Grant us Lord, a gracious rain !
All will come to desolation
Unless thou return again.
Lord revive us ;
All our help must come from thee.
- 2 Keep no longer at a distance ;
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
Ev'ry plant shall droop and die.
Lord, revive us, &c.
- 3 Surely once thy garden flourish'd,
Ev'ry part look'd gay and green ;
Then thy word our spirits nourish'd,
Happy seasons we have seen !
Lord, revive us, &c.
- 4 But a droughth has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see ;
Lord, thy help is greatly needed ;
Help can only come from thee.
Lord, revive us, &c.
- 5 Some, in whom we once delighted,
We shall meet no more below ;
Some, alas ! we fear are blighted—
Scarce a single leaf they show.
Lord, revive us, &c.
- 6 Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,
Thou canst make them bloom again ;
O, permit them not to wither ;
Let not all our hopes be vain.
Lord, revive us, &c.

HYMN 206. L. M.

- 1 WHILE life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found, and peace is giv'n ;
But soon, ah soon ! approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.
- 2 While God invites, how bless'd the day !
How sweet the Gospel's charming sound !
" Come sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pardoning God he's found.
- 3 " Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave,
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear, or save.
- 4 " In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise ;
No God regard your bitter prayer,
Nor Saviour call you to the skies."
- 5 Silence, and solitude, and gloom,
In these forgetful realms appear ;
Deep sorrows fill the dismal tomb,
And hope shall never enter there.

HYMN 207. C. M.

- 1 SMOTE by thy law I'm justly slain,
Great God behold my case ;
Pity a sinner fill'd with pain,
Nor drive me from thy face.
- 2 Dread terrors fright my guilty soul,
Thy justice all in flames,

- Gives sentence on this heart so foul,
So hard, so full of crimes.
- 3 'Tis trembling hardness that I feel,
I *fear* but don't *relent*,
Perhaps of endless death the seal ;
Unless I *now repent*.
- 4 My pray'rs, my tears, my vows, are vile.
My duties black with guilt ;
On such a wretch can mercy smile,
Tho' Jesus' blood was spilt ?
- 5 Speechless I sink to endless night,
I see an op'ning hell :
But lo ! what glory strikes my sight ?
Such glory who can tell !
- 6 Enwrapt in these bright beams of peace,
I feel a gracious God ;
Swell, swell the note ; O tell his grace !
Sound his high praise abroad !

HYMN 208. C. M.

- 1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire
Uttered or express'd,
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burthen of a sigh
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try ;

Prayer the sublimest strains that reach,
The majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death,
He enters heaven with prayer.

5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "behold he prays."

HYMN 209. P. M.

1 ALL glory and praise
To the ancient of days,
Who was born and was slain to redeem a lost race.

2 Salvation to God,
Who carry'd our load,
And purchas'd our lives with the price of his blood.

3 And shall he not have
The lives which he gave
Such an infinite ransom for ever to save.

4 Yes, Lord, we are thine,
And gladly resign
Our souls to be fill'd with the fulness divine.

5 How, when it shall be
We cannot foresee,
But Oh! let us live, let us die unto thee.

HYMN 210. P. M.

1 O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art
When shall I find my longing heart
All taken up with thee :

I thirst, and faint, and die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

- 2 O that I could for ever sit
With Mary, at the master's feet !
Be this my happy choice !
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heav'n, on earth be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.
- 3 O that with humbled Peter I
Could weep, believe, and thrice reply,
My faithfulness to prove—
Thou know'st (for all to thee is known)
Thou know'st, O Lord, and thou alone,
Thou know'st that thee I love.
- 4 O that I could with favour'd John
Recline my weary head upon,
The dear Redeemer's breast !
From care, and sin, and sorrow free.
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
My everlasting rest.
- 5 Thy only love do I require,
Nothing in earth beneath desire,
Nothing in heav'n above ;
Let earth, and heav'n, and all things go,
Give me thy only love to know,
Give me thy only love.

HYMN. 211. P. M.

- 1 VITAL spark of heavenly flame !
Quit, O quit this mortal frame !

Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
 O the pain, the bliss of dying !
 Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into life.

- 2 Hark ! they whisper, angels say,
 " Sister spirit come away ;"
 What is this absorbs me quite ?
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight ?
 Drowns my spirit, draws my breath ?
 Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?
- 3 The world recedes, it disappears !
 Heav'n opens to my eyes—my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring !
 Lend, lend your wings, I mount ! I fly !
 O grave, where is thy victory ?
 O death, where is thy sting ?

HYMN 212. L: M.

- 1 FATHER of all, thy care we bless,
 Which crowns our families with peace ;
 From thee they spring, and by thy hand
 They have been and are still sustain'd.
- 2 To God, most worthy to be prais'd,
 Be our domestic altars rais'd ;
 Who, Lord of heav'n, scorns not to dwell
 With saints in their obscurest cell.
- 3 To thee may each united house,
 Morning and night, present its vows ;
 Our servants there, and rising race,
 Be taught thy precepts and thy grace

- 4 O may each future age proclaim
 The honours of thy glorious name!
 While pleas'd and thankful we remove
 To join the family above.

HYMN 213. L. M.

- 1 BEHOLD the Saviour at thy door,
 He gently knocks, has knock'd before :
 Has waited long, is waiting still,
 You treat no other friend so ill.
- 2 Admit him; for the human breast
 Ne'er entertain'd so kind a guest :
 Admit him, or the hour's at hand,
 When at his door deny'd you'll stand.
- 3 Open my heart, Lord, enter in,
 Slay ev'ry foe, and conquer sin :
 I now to thee my all resign,
 My body, soul, shall all be thine.

HYMN 214. C. M.

- 1 THE saints should never be dismay'd,
 Nor sink in hopeless fear ;
 For when they least expect his aid,
 The Saviour will appear.
- 2 Blest proofs of power and grace divine.
 That meet us in his word!
 May every deep-felt care of mine
 Be trusted with the Lord.
- 3 Wait for his reasonable aid,
 And though it tarry, wait ;
 The promise may be long delay'd,
 But cannot come too late.

HYMN 215. L. M.

- 1 HAIL, sov'reign grace, that first began
The scheme to rescue fallen man !
Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace,
That gave my soul an hiding-place.
- 2 Against the God that rules the sky
I fought with hand uplifted high ;
Despis'd his rich, abounding grace,
Too proud to seek an hiding-place.
- 3 Enwrap't in thick Egyptian night,
And fond of darkness more than light,
Madly I ran the sinful race,
Secure without an hiding-place.
- 4 But thus th' eternal counsel ran,
" Almighty love arrest that man ;"
I felt the arrows of distress,
And found I had no hiding-place.
- 5 Indignant justice stood in view ;
To Sina's fi'ry mount I flew ;
But justice cry'd, with frowning face,
" This mountain is no hiding-place.
- 6 Ere long a heav'nly voice I heard,
And mercy's angel-form appear'd ;
She led me on with gentle pace,
To Jesus, as my hiding-place.
- 7 On him Almighty vengeance fell,
That must have sunk a world to hell ;
He bore it for the chosen race,
And thus became their hiding-place.

- 8 Should storms of thund'ring vengeance roll,
And shake the globe from pole to pole,
No flaming bolt shall daunt my face,
For Jesus is my hiding-place.
- 9 A few more rolling suns at most
Will land me safe on Canaan's coast:
Where I shall sing the song of grace,
And see my glorious hiding-place.

HYMN 216. C. M.

- 1 JESUS, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heav'n might hear.
- 2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold but sordid dust.
- 3 All my capacious pow'rs can wish
In thee doth richly meet;
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
And shed its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.
- 5 I'll speak the honours of thy name
With my last lab'ring breath;
And, dying, triumph in thy cross,
The antidote of death.

HYMN 217. 7s. 6. 8.

- 1 JESUS, let thy pitying eye
 Call back a wandering sheep;
 False to thee, like Peter I
 Would fain, like Peter, weep;
 Let me be by grace restor'd,
 On me be all its freeness shown;
 Turn and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.

- 2 Saviour, Prince, enthron'd above,
 Repentance to impart,
 Give me through thy dying love,
 The humble contrite heart;
 Give, what I have long implor'd,
 A portion of thy love unknown;
 Turn and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.

- 3 See me, Saviour, from above,
 Nor suffer me to die;
 Life, and happiness, and love,
 Smile in thy gracious eye;
 Speak the reconciling word,
 And let thy mercy melt me down;
 Turn and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.

- 4 Look, as when thy pitying eye
 Was clos'd that we might live;
 "Father (at the point to die,
 My Saviour pray'd,) forgive!"

Surely with that dying word,
 He turns, and looks, and cries, 'Tis done!"
 O my loving, bleeding Lord,
 This breaks my heart of stone.

HYMN 218. L. M.

- 1 SINCE, Lord, thy mighty grace did call
 A bloody, persecuting Saul,
 Let none despair—here God displays
 His sov'reign pow'r—behold he prays.
- 2 The soul that's truly born of God,
 Delights to run the heav'nly road;
 He mourns for sin, and hates the ways
 Which leads to death—behold he prays.

HYMN 219. 8s. 7s.

- 1 HAIL! my ever blessed Jesus,
 Only thee I wish to sing;
 To my soul thy name is precious,
 Thou my prophet, priest, and king.
- 2 O! what mercy flows from heaven,
 O, what joy and happiness!
 Love I much? I've much forgiven,
 I'm a miracle of grace.
- 3 Shout, ye bright angelic choir,
 Praise the Lamb enthron'd above;
 Whilst astonish'd, I admire,
 God's free grace and boundless love.
- 4 That blest moment I receiv'd him,
 Fill'd my soul with joy and peace;
 Love I much? I've much forgiven,
 I'm a miracle of grace.

HYMN 220. C. M.

- 1 O WHAT amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found !
Suited to every sinner's case,
Who knows the joyful sound.
- 2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls,
Are freely welcome here ;
Salvation, like a river, rolls,
Abundant, free, and clear.
- 3 Come then with all your wants and wounds.
Your ev'ry burden bring !
Here love, unchanging love, abounds,
A deep celestial spring !
- 4 Whoever will, (O gracious word !)
Shall of this stream partake ;
Come thirsty souls, and bless the Lord,
And drink for Jesus's sake !
- 5 Millions of sinners, vile as you,
Have here found life and peace ;
Come, then, and prove its virtues too,
And drink, adore, and bless.

HYMN 221. L. M.

- 1 RAISE, thoughtless sinner ; raise thine eye,
Behold the judgment drawing nigh :
Behold the balance is display'd,
Where thou must be exactly weigh'd.
- 2 See, in one scale God's holy law ;
Mark with what force its precepts draw ;
Canst thou the awful test sustain ?
Thy works how light ! thy thoughts how vain.

HYMN 222. L. M.

- 1 ANOTHER six day's work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God hath bless'd.
- 2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to wearied minds;
Provides an antepast of heaven,
And gives this day the food of seven.
- 3 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense to the skies;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose
Which none but he that feels it knows.
- 4 This heavenly calm, within the breast,
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.
- 5 In holy duties, let the day
In holy pleasures pass away;
How sweet a sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

HYMN 223. L. M.

- 1 OBEDIENT to our dying Lord,
Who bid us thus remember him,
O let us now surround his board,
His flesh our food, his love our theme!
- 2 Let others feast on sensual sweets!
We are supply'd with richer food;
When Jesus thus his people meets,
They want not what the world calls good

- 3 Sweet feast! here love and union reign,
 An earnest of the joys above;
 And meanest of the Saviour's train,
We celebrate his dying love.
- 4 O may that love by pow'r divine,
 To all our hearts be now made known;
 Dear Saviour, on thy people shine!
 The people thou hast made thine own.

HYMN 224. C. M.

- 1 How sweet, how heav'nly is the sight,
 When those who love the Lord,
 In one another's peace delight,
 And so fulfil his word!
- 2 O may we feel each other's sigh,
 And with him bear a part:
 May sorrows flow from eye to eye,
 And joy from heart to heart.
- 3 Free from envy, scorn, and pride,
 Our wishes fix above;
 May each his brother's failings hide,
 And show a brother's love.
- 4 Let love in one delightful stream,
 Thro' ev'ry bosom flow;
 And union sweet, and dear esteem,
 In ev'ry action glow.
- 5 Love is the golden chain that binds
 The happy souls above;
 And he's an heir of heav'n that finds
 His bosom glow with love.

HYMN 225. C. M.

- 1 SEE gracious God, before thy throne
Thy mourning people bend!
'Tis on thy sovereign grace alone
Our humble hopes depend.
- 2 Tremendous judgments from thy hand
Thy dreadful power display;
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And still we live to pray.
- 3 Great God, and is Columbia spar'd,
Ungrateful as we are!
O make thy awful warnings heard,
While mercy cries "Forbear."
- 4 What land so favour'd of the skies,
As these apostate states!
Our num'rous crimes increasing rise,
Yet still thy vengeance waits.
- 5 How chang'd, alas! are truths divine
For error, guilt, and shame!
What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the Christian name!
- 6 Regardless of thy smile or frown,
Their pleasures they require;
And sink with gay indiff'rence down
To everlasting fire.
- 7 O turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
By thy resistless grace;
Then shall our hearts obey thy word.
And humbly seek thy face;

- § Then should insulting foes invade,
 We shall not sink in fear;
 Secure of never-failing aid,
 If God, our God, is near.

HYMN 226. C. M.

- 1 REJOICE, believer, in the Lord,
 Who makes your cause his own;
 The hope that's built upon his word
 Can ne'er be overthrown.
- 2 Tho' many foes beset you round,
 And feeble is your arm:
 Your life is hid with Christ in God,
 Beyond the reach of harm.
- 3 Weak as you are, you shall not faint,
 Or, fainting, shall not die!
 Jesus, the strength of ev'ry saint.
 Will aid you from on high.
- 4 As surely as he overcame,
 And triumph'd once for you;
 So surely you that love his name
 Shall triumph in him too.

HYMN 227. C. M.

- 1 IN thy great name, O Lord, we come.
 To worship at thy feet;
 O pour thy Holy Spirit down
 On all that now shall meet.
- 2 We come to hear Jehovah speak,
 To hear the Saviour's voice:
 Thy face and favour, Lord, we seek,
 Now make our hearts rejoice.

- 3 Teach us to pray, and praise, and hear,
And understand thy word;
To feel thy blissful presence near,
And trust our living Lord.
- 4 Here let thy pow'r and grace be felt;
Thy love and mercy known;
Our icy hearts, dear Jesus, melt,
And break this flinty stone.
- 5 Let sinners, Lord, thy goodness prove,
And saints rejoice in thee;
Let rebels be subdu'd by love,
And to the Saviour flee.

HYMN 228. C. M.

- 1 JESUS, my Saviour and my God,
My Life, my Sacrifice:
My hopes, deep founded in thy blood,
Reach far above the skies.
- 2 Among thy foll'wers, Lord, am I,
Thy glorious name I bear;
My brightest hopes are still on high,
My richest treasure there.
- 3 But shall I bear that sacred name,
And yet oppose thy will?
A subject's highest priv'lege claim,
And act the rebel still?
- 4 Forbid it, Lord! no, I abhor
The base the trait'rous thought:
I own thy sov'reign right and pow'r,
And what thy blood hath bought.

HYMN 229. S. M.

- 1 JESUS my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hearest pray'r.
- 2 I want a heart to pray,
To pray and never cease;
Never to murmur at thy stay,
Or wish my suff'rings less.
- 3 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill.
- 4 I want a godly fear,
A quick discerning eye,
That looks to thee, when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly.
- 5 I want a true regard,
A single steady aim,
(Unmov'd by threat'ning or reward)
To thee and thy great name.
- 6 I want a just concern
For thine immortal praise;
A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify thy grace.
- 7 I want with all my heart,
Thy pleasure to fulfil;
To know myself, and what thou art,
And what's thy perfect will.

- 8 I want, I know not what—
 I want my wants to see;
 I want—alas! what want I not,
 When thou art not with me?

HYMN 230.

- 1 THE voice of free grace,
 Cries escape to the mountain;
 For all that believe,
 Christ hath open'd a fountain,
 For sin and uncleanness,
 And ev'ry transgression,
 His blood flows so freely
 In streams of salvation:
 Hallelujah to the lamb,
 Who has brought us a pardon,
 We'll praise him again,
 When we pass over Jordan.
- 2 Ye souls that are wounded,
 To the Saviour repair,
 Now he calls you in mercy—
 And can you forbear?
 Though your sins are increased
 As high as a mountain,
 His blood can remove them;
 It streams from the fountain:
 Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.
- 3 Now Jesus, our King,
 Reigns, triumphantly glorious;
 O'er sin, death, and hell,
 He is more than victorious.

With shouting proclaim it,
 O trust in his passion ;
 He saves us most freely—
 O, precious salvation :
 Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

- 4 With joy shall we stand,
 When escap'd to the shore,
 With harps in our hands,
 We'll praise him the more ;
 We'll range the sweet plains
 On the banks of the river,
 And sing of salvation
 For ever and for ever :
 Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

HYMN 231. C. M.

- 1 HE'S come! let every knee be bent,
 All hearts new joy resume :
 Sing, ye redeemed with one consent,
 " The Comforter is come."
- 2 What greater gift, what greater love,
 Could God on man bestow ?
 Angels for this rejoice above,
 Let man rejoice below !
- 3 Hail, blessed Spirit! may each soul
 Thy sacred influence feel ;
 Do thou each sinful thought control,
 And fix our wavering zeal !
- 4 Thou to the conscience doth convey
 Those checks which we should know ;
 Thy motions point to us the way,
 Thou giv'st us strength to go.

HYMN 232. L. M.

- 1 THE God of life, whose constant care
With blessings crowns each opening year.
My scanty span doth still prolong,
And wakes anew mine annual song.
- 2 How many precious souls have fled
To the vast regions of the dead,
Since to this day the changing sun
Through his last yearly period run!
- 3 We yet survive; but who can say,
"Or through this year, or month or day,
I shall retain this vital breath,
Thus far, at least, in league with death."
- 4 That breath is thine, eternal God;
'Tis thine to fix my soul's abode;
It holds its life from thee alone,
On earth, or in the world unknown.
- 5 To thee our spirits we resign,
Make them and own them still as thine;
So shall they live secure from fear,
'Though death should blast the rising year.

HYMN 233. C. M.

- 1 WHEN, rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,
O how shall I appear!
- 2 If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at this thought;

- 3 When thou, O Lord, shall stand disclos'd
In Majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul;
O how shall I appear!
- 4 Lord, make me understand thy law,
Show what my faults have been;
And from thy Gospel let me draw
Pardon for all my sins.
- 5 Here would I learn how Christ has died
To save my soul from hell;
Not all the books on earth beside
Such heavenly wonders tell.
- 6 Then let me love my Bible more,
And take a fresh delight,
By day to read these wonders o'er,
And meditate by night.

HYMN 234. L. M.

- 1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journies run:
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

- 4 Blessings abounds where'er he reigns :
 The prisoner leaps to loose his chains,
 The weary find eternal rest,
 And all the sons of want are blest.

HYMN 235. C. M.

- 1 Joy to the world! the Lord is come!
 Let earth receive her King:
 Let ev'ry heart prepare him room,
 And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns!
 Let men their songs employ;
 While fields and floods, rocks hills and plains
 Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
 Nor thorns infest the ground;
 He comes to make his blessings flow
 Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace.
 And makes the nations prove
 The glories of his righteousness,
 And wonders of his love.

HYMN 236. L. M.

- 1 SHEW pity, Lord, O Lord forgive;
 Let a repenting rebel live;
 Are not thy mercies large and free?
 May not a sinner trust in thee?
- 2 My crimes are great, but can't surpass
 The power and glory of thy grace:
 Great God, thy nature hath no bound.
 So let thy pard'ning love be found.

- 3 O wash my soul from ev'ry sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean ;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.
- 4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace ;
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.
- 5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death :
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.
- 6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

HYMN 237. S. M.

- 1 LET sinners take their course,
And choose the road to death ;
But in the worship of my God
I'll spend my daily breath.
- 2 My thoughts address his throne,
When morning brings the light ;
I seek his blessing ev'ry noon,
And pay my vows at night.
- 3 Thou wilt regard my cries,
O my eternal God !
While sinners perish in surprise
Beneath thine angry rod.

- 4 Because they dwell at ease,
 And no sad changes feel,
 They neither fear nor trust thy name,
 Nor learn to do thy will.
- 5 But I, with all my cares,
 Will lean upon the Lord ;
 I'll cast my burden on his arm,
 And rest upon his word.
- 6 His arm shall well sustain
 The children of his love ;
 The ground on which their safety stands,
 No earthly power can move.

HYMN 238. C. M

- 1 LORD ! what a wretched land is this,
 That yields us no supply :
 No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees,
 Nor streams of living joy !
- 2 But pricking thorns thro' all the ground,
 And mortal poisons grow ;
 And all the rivers that are found,
 With dangerous waters flow.
- 3 Yet the dear path to thine abode
 Lies thro' this horrid land :
 Lord ! we would keep the heavenly road,
 And run at thy command.
- 4 Long nights and darkness dwell below,
 With scarce a twinkling ray :
 But the bright world to which we go
 Is everlasting day.

- 5 By glimmering hopes, and gloomy fears,
 We trace the sacred road ;
 Thro' dismal deeps and dangerous snares,
 We make our way to God.
- 6 Our journey is a thorny maze,
 But we march upward still ;
 Forget these troubles of the ways,
 And reach at Zion's hill.
- 7 Eternal glory to the King,
 Who brought us safely through ;
 Our tongues shall never cease to sing,
 And endless praise renew.

HYMN 239. L. M.

- 1 My dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
 I read my duty in thy word,
 But in thy life the law appears,
 Drawn out in living characters.
- 2 Such was thy truth and such thy zeal,
 Such deference to thy Father's will,
 Such love, and meekness so divine,
 I would transcribe, and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains, and the midnight air,
 Witness'd the fervour of thy prayer ;
 The desert thy temptations knew,
 Thy conflict, and thy victory too.
- 4 Be thou my pattern : make me bear
 More of thy gracious image here ;
 Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
 Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

HYMN 240. C. M.

- 1 LONG have I sat beneath the sound
Of thy salvation, Lord :
But still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word !
- 2 Oft I frequent thy holy place,
And hear almost in vain :
How small a portion of thy grace
My memory can retain !
- 3 How cold and feeble is my love !
How negligent my fear !
How low my hope of joys above !
How few affections there !
- 4 Great God ! thy sovereign power impart,
To give thy word success !
Write thy salvation in my heart,
And make me learn thy grace.
- 5 Shew my forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high :
There knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

HYMN 241. L. M.

- 1 NATURE with open volume stands,
To spread her Maker's praise abroad ;
And every labour of his hands
Shews something worthy of a God.
- 2 But in the grace that rescu'd man
His brightest form of glory shines ;
Here, on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn
In precious blood, and crimson lines.

- 3 Here I behold his inmost heart,
 Where grace and vengeance strangely join,
 Piercing his Son with sharpest smart,
 To make the purchas'd pleasures mine.
- 4 Oh, the sweet wonders of that cross,
 Where God the Saviour lov'd and dy'd !
 Her noblest life my spirit draws
 From his dear wounds and bleeding side.
- 5 I would forever speak his name,
 In sounds to mortal ears unknown,
 With angels join to praise the Lamb,
 And worship at his Father's throne.

HYMN 242. C. M.

- 1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
 My rising soul surveys,
 Transported with the view, I'm lost,
 In wonder, love, and praise !
- 2 O how shall words with equal warmth
 The gratitude declare,
 That glows within my ravish'd heart !
 But thou canst read it there.
- 3 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
 My daily thanks employ ;
 Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
 That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 4 Through every period of my life
 Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
 And after death, in distant worlds,
 The glorious theme renew.

- 5 When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.
- 6 Through all eternity to thee
A joyful song I'll raise ;
For oh ! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

HYMN 243. P. M.

- 1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye ;
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread ;
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still ;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade
- 4 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,

'Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,
 The barren wilderness shall smile,
 With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
 And streams shall murmur all around.

HYMN 244. C. M.

- 1 To our Redeemer's glorious name
 Awake the sacred song!
 O may his love (immortal flame!)
 Tune ev'ry heart and tongue.
- 2 His love, what mortal thought can reach?
 What mortal tongue display?
 Imagination's utmost stretch
 In wonder dies away.
- 3 He left his radiant throne on high,
 Left the bright realms of bliss,
 And came to earth to bleed and die!
 Was ever love like this?
- 4 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
 Our humble thanks to thee;
 May every heart with rapture say,
 "The Saviour died for me."
- 5 O may the sweet, the blissful theme
 Fill every heart and tongue;
 Till strangers love thy charming name,
 And join the sacred song.

HYMN 245. L. M.

- 1 LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
 The time t' insure the great reward;
 And while the lamp holds out to burn,
 The vilest sinner may return.

- 2 The living know that they must die,
But all the dead forgotten lie ;
Their mem'ry and their sense is gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.
- 3 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might, pursue ;
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.
- 4 There are no acts of pardon pass'd
In the cold grave, to which we haste :
But darkness, death, and long despair
Reign in eternal silence there.

HYMN 246. P. M.

- 1 LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples are !
To thine abode
My heart aspires,
With warm desires
To see my God.
- 2 O happy souls that pray,
Where God appoints to hear !
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there !
They praise thee still ;
And happy they
That love the way
To Zion's hill !

3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears :

O glorious seat,
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet !

4 To spend one sacred day,
Where God and saints abide,
Affords diviner joy
Than thousand days beside ;
Where God resorts,
I love it more
To keep the door,
Than shine in courts.

HYMN 247. L. M.

1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise ;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord ;
Eternal truth attends thy word ;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

HYMN 248. L. M.

1 "Go, preach my gospel," saith the Lord,
"Bid the whole earth my grace receive :
He shall be sav'd that trusts my word ;
He shall be damn'd that won't believe.

- 2 “ Teach all the nations my commands ;
 I’m with you till the world shall end ;
 All power is trusted in my hands ;
 I can destroy, and I defend.”
- 3 He spake, and light shone round his head .
 On a bright cloud to heaven he rode :
 They to the farthest nations spread
 The grace of their ascended God.

HYMN 249. 8s. 7s. 4s.

- 1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;
 Let us each thy love possessing
 Triumph in redeeming grace ;
 O refresh us !
 Trav’ling thro’ this wilderness.
- 2 Thanks we give and adoration
 For the gospel’s joyful sound ;
 May the fruits of thy salvation,
 In our hearts and lives abound :
 May thy presence !
 With us evermore be found.
- 3 So whene’er the signal’s giv’n,
 Us from earth to call away ;
 Borne on angels’ wings to heaven,
 Glad the summons to obey,
 May we ready
 Rise and reign in endless day.

HYMN 250. C. M.

- 1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made.
 He calls the hours his own ;

Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

2 To-day he rose, and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell ;
To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
And all his wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to the annointed King,
To David's holy Son !
Help us, O Lord ; descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace ;
Who comes in God his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise ;
The highest heavens in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

HYMN 251. P. M.

1 HAIL the blest morn ! when the Great Mediator
Down from the regions of glory descends !
Shepherds, go worship the babe in the manger—
Lo ! for your guide, the bright angel descends.
Brightest and best of the sons of the morning !
Shine on our darkness and lend us your aid ;
Star in the east the horizon adorning,
Guide where the infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold in his cradle the dew drops are shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall ;

Angels adore him, in slumbers reclining,
 Maker and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
 Odours of Eden, in offerings divine,
 Gems from the mountain, and pearls from the
 ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

3 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
 Vainly with gold would his favour secure ;
 Richer by far is the hearts' adoration,
 Dearer to God are the pray'rs of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning !
 Shine on our darkness and lend us your aid ;
 Star in the east the horizon adorning,
 Guide where the infant Redeemer is laid.

HYMN 252. 7s.

1 Now begin the heavenly theme,
 Sing aloud in Jesus' name ;
 Ye who Jesus' kindness prove,
 Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
 Banish all your guilty fears :
 See your guilt and curse remove,
 Cancell'd by redeeming love.

3 Ye, alas ! who long have been
 Willing slaves to death and sin :
 Now from bliss no longer rove,
 Stop and taste redeeming love.

- 4 Welcome, all, by sin opprest,
 Welcome to the Saviour's breast ;
 Nothing brought him from above,
 Nothing but redeeming love.

HYMN 253. 7s.

- 1 HARK, my soul ! it is the Lord—
 'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word ;
 Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee :
 " Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me ?
- 2 " I deliver'd thee when bound,
 And when wounded, heal'd thy wounds :
 Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
 Turn'd thy darkness into light.
- 3 " Can a woman's tender care
 Cease toward the child she bare ?
 Yes, she may forgetful be,
 Yet will I remember thee.
- 4 " Mine is an unchanging love,
 Higher than the heights above ;
 Deeper than the depths beneath,
 Free and faithful, strong as death.
- 5 " Thou shalt see my glory soon,
 When the work of grace is done ;
 Partner of my throne shalt be :
 Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me ?"
- 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
 That my love is weak and faint ;
 Yet I love thee and adore ;
 Oh for grace to love thee more !

HYMN 254. L. M.

- 1 WHY should I say, "'tis yet too soon
 " To seek for heav'n, or think of death ?"
 A flow'r may fade before 'tis noon,
 And I this day may lose my breath.
- 2 If this rebellious heart of mine
 Despise the gracious calls of heaven,
 I may be harden'd in my sin,
 And never have repentance giv'n.
- 3 What if his dreadful anger burn,
 While I refuse his offer'd grace,
 And all his love to fury turn,
 And strike me dead upon the place !
- 4 'Tis dang'rous to provoke a God !
 His pow'r and vengeance none can tell ;
 One stroke of his Almighty rod
 Can send his enemies to hell.

HYMN 255. S. M.

- 1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
 That saw the Lord arise ;
 Welcome to this reviving breast,
 And these rejoicing eyes !
- 2 The King himself comes near,
 And feasts his saints to-day ;
 Here we may sit, and see him here,
 And love, and praise and pray.
- 3 One day amidst the place
 Where my dear God hath been,
 Is sweeter than ten thousand days
 Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
 In such a frame as this ;
 And sit and sing herself away
 To everlasting bliss.

HYMN 256. L. M.

- 1 'Twas on that dark, that doleful night,
 When powers of earth and hell arose
 Against the Son of God's delight,
 And friends betray'd him to his foes :
- 2 Before the mournful scene began,
 He took the bread, and bless'd, and brake :
 What love through all his actions ran !
 What wondrous words of grace he spake.
- 3 " This is my body broke for sin ;
 Receive and eat the living food :"
 Then took the cup, and bless'd the wine :
 "'Tis the new covenant in my blood."
- 4 " Do this," he cried, " till time shall end,
 In mem'ry of your dying Friend ;
 Meet at my table, and record
 The love of your departed Lord."
- 5 Jesus ! thy feast we celebrate,
 We shew thy death, we sing thy name,
 Till thou return, and we shall eat
 The marriage supper of the Lamb.

HYMN 257. L. M.

- 1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
 On which the Prince of glory dy'd,
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride.

- 2 Forbid it Lord, that I should boast,
 Save in the death of Christ, my God :
 All the vain things that charm me most,
 I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See from his head, his hands, his feet
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down !
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet ?
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?
- 4 His dying crimson, like a robe,
 Spreads o'er his body on the tree ;
 Then am I dead to all the globe,
 And all the globe is dead to me.
- 5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 That were a present far too small :
 Love so amazing, so divine,
 Demands my soul, my life, my all !

HYMN 258. P. M.

- 1 How pleas'd and blest was I,
 To hear the people cry,
 " Come, let us seek our God to-day ;"
 Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
 We haste to Zion's hill,
 And there our vows and honours pay.
- 2 Zion, thrice happy place,
 Adorn'd with wondrous grace,
 And walls of strength embrace thee round :
 In thee our tribes appear,
 To pray, and praise, and hear
 The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

3 There David's greater Son
 Has fix'd his royal throne ;
 He sits for grace and judgment there ;
 He bids the saint be glad,
 He makes the sinner sad,
 And humble souls rejoice with fear.

4 May peace attend thy gate,
 And joy within thee wait,
 To bless the soul of every guest ;
 The man that seeks thy peace,
 And wishes thine increase,
 A thousand blessings on him rest !

5 My tongue repeats her vows,
 "Peace to this sacred house !"
 For here my friends and kindred dwell ;
 And since my glorious God
 Makes thee his blest abode,
 My soul shall ever love thee well.

HYMN 259. L. M.

- 1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
 Ye nations, bow with sacred joy ;
 Know that the Lord is God alone ;
 He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
 Made us of clay, and form'd us men ;
 And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
 He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We are his people, we his care,
 Our souls, and all our mortal frame ;
 What lasting honours shall we rear,
 Almighty Maker, to thy name ?

- 4 We'll croud thy gates with thankful songs,
 High as the heaven our voices raise ;
 And earth with her ten thousand tongues,
 Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 5 Wide as the world is thy command,
 Vast as eternity thy love ;
 Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
 When rolling years shall cease to move.

DOXOLOGIES.

LONG METRE.

To God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Spirit, three in one,
 Be honour, praise, and glory given,
 By all on earth and all in heav'n.

COMMON METRE.

LET God the Father and the Son,
 And Spirit be ador'd,
 Where there are works to make him known,
 Or saints to love the Lord.

SHORT METRE.

YE angels round the throne,
 And saints that dwell below,
 Worship the Father, praise the Son,
 And bless the Spirit too.

AS THE 148TH PSALM.

To God the Father's throne
 Perpetual honours raise,
 Glory to God the Son,
 To God the Spirit praise ;
 With all our pow'rs,
 Eternal King,
 Thy name we sing.
 While faith adores.

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